THE ANTI-GALLICAN.

NUMBER IV.

ODE TO THE HERO OF JAFFA.

———his muster'd hosts
Shall be roll'd back in thousands, and the surge
Bury them!—

W. L. BOWLES.

COME, ruffian Chief! advance
Thy triple ensign o'er the rushing wave,
That roars around thy frantic vessel's keel,
Impatient of its prey!

Before thee Rapine glares;
And coward Murder, with the lurid smile
Of fiendish Malice, meditates his aim,
And snuffs the scent of blood.

Lo! to thy gloating eyes
The scene of desolation wide unfolds,
And gilded palaces and moated tow'rs
Crumble beneath thy might.

The harvest's blazing spires
Rise on the murky air; the hamlet rings
With shrieks commingling wild in horror strange,
And yells of savage joy.

For there the hoary Sire,
With agonis'd lamentings, clasps the form
Of the pale outrag'd maid; and there the babe
Bleeds at its mother's breast!

The monstrous triumph soothes
Thy fell revenge; a Moloch God, thou sit'st
In ghastly solitude, 'midst tears and blood,
And smoak of victim fires.

Go, to the couch of sleep,
And when the nightly darkness hovers round,
And when thine eye in silent slumber sinks,
If slumber e'er is thine:

A voice, a searching voice,
Shall strike in thunder on thy inmost heart;
God, God descend upon thy rest, and fix
His terrors on thy soul!

Hark! whence those harrowing groans?
What deep ton'd curses rend thy deafen'd ear!
What livid phantoms round thy night-bed glide,
And raise the threatening hand!

The cold dew fearful starts—
And he that sprinkled Jaffa's tow'rs with gore,
That shook chill poisons from th' insidious bowl,
Now feels the weight of blood!

Or have the furies arm'd
With icy mail that breast impregnable?
Then rise, the trumpets clang resounds to arms,
Shrill neighs the boastful steed.

And now thy whit'ning sails
Embrace the winds; and now thy backward glance
Views the receding shore! the harbouring strand
To which is no return!

And dar'st thou arrogant
Hope to return? He lives whose val'rous arm
* Drove back thy chosen myriads from the breach,
And quell'd thy pride of soul!

He lives, whose thunders shook
† Th' ensanguin'd base of Egypt's arid shores,
When bursting flames amidst the womb of night
Reveal'd the waste of death!

Nor sleep the dreadless band,
Who, mindful of their brave forefathers' name,
The captive standard wav'd, and trod in dust
The fall'n Invincible!

* At St. Jean d'Acre. † Explosion of the L'Orient.

Those

Those whom thine eyes behold
In opposite array, are Father's, Sons,
Brethren, and Freemen! Patriots! Warriors tried!
And Servants of their God!

Come, thou Blasphemer! come,
Plant thy firm foot upon the Christian isle!
There shall the dread Avenger lay thee low,
And there confound thy pow'r!

REFLECTIONS

On the English and French NATIONAL CHARACTER; *principally extracted from the Writings of the late Right Hon.* EDMUND BURKE.

FOUR hundred years have gone over us; but I believe we are not materially changed since that period. Thanks to our sullen resistance to innovation, thanks to the cold sluggishness of our national character, we still bear the stamp of our forefathers. We have not (as I conceive) lost the generosity and dignity of thinking of the fourteenth century; nor as yet have we subtilized ourselves into savages. We are not the converts of Rousseau; we are not the disciples of Voltaire; Helvetius has made no progress amongst us. Atheists are not our preachers; madmen are not our lawgivers. We know that *we* have made no discoveries; and we think that no discoveries are to be made in morality; nor many in the great principles of government, nor in the ideas of liberty, which were understood long before we were born.—In England we have not yet been completely embowelled of our natural entrails; we still feel within us, and we cherish and cultivate those inbred sentiments which are the faithful guardians, the active monitors of duty, the true supporters of all liberal and manly morals. We have not been drawn and trussed, in order that we may be filled, like stuffed birds in a Museum.—We preserve the whole of our feelings still native and entire, unsophisticated by pedantry and infidelity. We have real hearts of flesh and blood beating in our bosoms. We fear God! we look up with awe to kings; with affection to parliaments; with duty to magistrates; with reverence to our church; and with respect to nobility. Because when such ideas are brought before our minds, it is *natural* to be affected: because all other feelings are false and spurious, and tend to corrupt our minds, to vitiate our primary morals, to render us unfit for rational liberty; and by teaching us a servile, licentious and abandoned insolence, to be our low sport for a few holidays, to make us perfectly fit for, and justly deserving of slavery, through the whole course of our lives.

We are afraid to put men to live and trade each on his own private stock of reason; because we suspect that this stock in each man is small, and that the individuals would do better to avail themselves of the general bank and capital of nations, and of ages.—This may be called prejudice: but prejudice is of ready application in the emergency; it previously engages the mind in a steady course of wisdom and virtue, and does not leave the man hesitating in the moment of decision, sceptical, puzzled, and unresolved. Prejudice renders

renders a man's virtue his habit; and not a series of unconnected acts.—The example of France may be brought as a signal instance of the fatal effects of an unwise departure from these general principles; what has she obtained by the extravagant and presumptuous speculations which have taught her leaders to despise all their predecessors, and all their cotemporaries, and even to despise themselves, until the moment in which they became truly despicable. By following those false lights, France has bought undisguised calamities at a higher rate than any nation has purchased the most unequivocal Blessings!—France has bought Poverty by Crime! France has not sacrificed her virtue to her interest; but she has abandoned her interest, that—she might prostitute her virtue!

France, by the perfidy of her leaders, has utterly disgraced the tone of lenient council in the cabinets of Princes, and disarmed it of its most potent topics. She has sanctified the dark suspicious maxims of tyrannous distrust; and taught Kings to tremble at (what will hereafter be called) the delusive plausibilities of moral politicians.—This alone, (if there were nothing else) is an irreparable calamity to you and to mankind. Remember that your Parliament of Paris told your King, that in calling the Estates together, he had nothing to fear but the *prodigal excess* of their zeal in providing for the support of the throne. It is right that these men should hide their heads. It is right that they should bear their part in the ruin which their cause has brought on their Sovereign and their Country.—They have seen the French rebel against a mild and lawful Monarch, *with more fury, outrage, and insult, than ever any people have been known to use against the* MOST ILLEGAL USURPER, *or the* MOST SANGUINARY TYRANT! Their resistance was made to *concession!* Their revolt was from protection! Their *blow* was aimed at a hand holding out Graces! Favours! and Immunities!!!

They have found their punishment in their success. Laws overturned! Tribunals subverted! Industry without vigour! Commerce expiring! The revenue impaired, yet the people impoverished! A Church pillaged, and a State not relieved! Civil and military anarchy made the constitution of the kingdom! Every thing human and divine sacrificed to the idol of public credit, and national bankruptcy the consequence! The paper securities of impoverished fraud, and beggared rapine, held out as a currency for the support of an Empire! An Empire of extensive power, but whose energies are prostituted at the beck of A STRANGE *uncouth* THING! —a theatrical figure of the Opera! his head shaded with tri-coloured plumes ---his body fantastically habited---strutting from behind the scenes; and after a short speech, in the mock heroic of stupid tragedy, ordering his satellites to kindle up the flames of war between nations!

I stand astonished at those powers who do not feel a resentment, not more natural than politic, at the ATROCIOUS INSULTS that this MONSTROUS COMPOUND offers to the dignity of every nation, and who are not alarmed with what it threatens to their safety! The punishment of REAL TYRANTS is a *noble* and *awful act of justice*; and it has with truth been said to be consolatory to the human mind.

B.

THE

THE TUB OF DIOGENES.

IT is the duty of every one at this momentous crisis, not only not to be idle, but to be active and on the alert. When the King of Macedonia designed to attack Corinth, all the inhabitants worked laboriously upon the fortifications of the town. Diogenes seeing this, and being, according to Lucien, unwilling to be the only one that should be idle, began very busily to roll about his tub. If I can do no better (for you well know how *very old I am!*) let me in these stirring times be allowed at least to roll my tub, and with its rumbling to excite the spirits of the land against these shameless French; never, perhaps, so shameless as now, but always shameless, as we learn, even "*in the oldest time.*" From Boethius, says Warton, in his *Hist. Poet.* the French had the *remnant of Richard de Lisle*, in which Modesty fighting with Lust is thrown into the river Seine, at Paris; which gives occasion to this conclusion:

—*Dont vien que plus n'y a* HONTE *dans Paris.*

What will at present proceed from my tub is a further selection from the Grecian Orator, whose admonitory voice being too much neglected, the daring invader, by a subtle scheme, gained a passage into Attica, *and the liberties of Greece were lost for ever!*

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

The verse is trite, but its sense well deserves to be weighed by those who do not wish the country at

OLD NICK.

DEMOSTHENES AGAINST PHILIP THE INVADER.

"O ye men of Athens, I pass over many things; for it is not my design to give a detail of Philip's* *acts of outrage and injustice*; but to convince you that *the property and liberty of mankind will never be secure from him, until he meets with some effectual opposition.*

"First, then, Athenians! be firmly persuaded of this, that Philip is committing hostilities against us, and *has really violated the peace*; that *he has the most implacable enmity to this whole city*; to the ground on which this city stands; to the very Gods of this city; (may their vengeance fall upon him!) but, *against* OUR CONSTITUTION *is his force principally directed*; *the destruction of this* is, of all other things, the most immediate object of his *secret schemes and machinations.* And there is, in some sort, a necessity that it should be so. Consider, HE AIMS AT UNIVERSAL POWER; and you he regards as the only persons to dispute his pretensions. *He has long injured you*; *and of this he himself is fully conscious.* He is then sensible that he entertains designs against you, and that *you perceive them*; and as he thinks highly of your wisdom, *he judges you hold him in the abhorrence he deserves.* To these things (and these of such importance) add, that he is perfectly convinced, that although he were master of all other places, yet it is impossible for him to be secure, while your popular Government subsists; but that if any accident should happen to him (and every man is subject to many) all those who now submit to force, would seize the opportunity, and fly to you for protection; for you are not naturally disposed to grasp at power, or to usurp dominion; but to prevent usurpation, to wrest their unjust acquisitions from the hands of others; to curb the violence of ambition, and *to preserve the liberty of mankind, is your peculiar excellence.*

"And

* Bonaparte's.

"And what can be the reason that he treats you with insolence (for I cannot call his present conduct by another name?) *that he utters menaces against you, while he at least condescends to dissemble with other people?* Because of all the Grecian states, our's is the only one in which *harangues in favour of enemies are pronounced with impunity; and the venal wretch may utter his falsehoods with security, even while you are losing your dominions.*

"They who have lived with him assure us, that his ambition is so insatiable, *that he will have the glory of every exploit ascribed wholly to himself*; and is much *more incensed against such Commanders as have performed any thing worthy of honour*, than against those whose misconduct has ruined his enterprises. But, if this be the case, how is it that they have persevered so long in their attachment to his cause? It is for this reason, Athenians! *because success throws a shade on all his odious qualities*; (for nothing veils men's faults from observation so effectually as success;) *but let any accident happen, and they will all be perfectly discovered.*"

"*There is no medium!* Nor is *your danger* the same with that of other states. Philip's design is not to enslave, but to extirpate Athens. *He knows that a state like yours, accustomed to command, will not, or, if it were inclined,* CANNOT SUBMIT TO SLAVERY; he knows, that, if you have an opportunity, you can give him more disturbance than any other people; *and, therefore,* IF EVER HE CONQUERS US, WE MAY BE SURE OF FINDING NO DEGREE OF MERCY."

British Press.

ADVICE

SUGGESTED BY

THE STATE OF THE TIMES,

By WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, Esq.

Member of Parliament for the County of York.

IT has been maintained, and will not be disputed by any sound or experienced politician, that they who really deserve the appellation of TRUE CHRISTIANS are always most important members of the community. But we may boldly assert, that there never was a period wherein, more justly than in the present, this could be affirmed of them, whether the situation, in all its circumstances, of our own country be attentively considered, or the general state of society in Europe. Let them on their part seriously weigh the important station which they fill, and the various duties which it now peculiarly enforces on them. If we consult the most intelligent accounts of foreign countries, which have been recently published, and compare them with the reports of former travellers, we must be convinced, that Religion and the standard of morals are every where declining, abroad even more rapidly than in our own country. But still, the progress of irreligion, and the decay of morals at home, is such as to alarm every considerate mind, and to forebode the worst consequences, unless some remedy can be applied to the growing evil. We can depend only upon *true Christians* for effecting, in any degree, this important service. Zeal is required in the cause of Religion; they only can feel it. The charge of singularity must be incurred; they only will dare to encounter it. Uniformity of conduct, and perseverance in exertion, will be requisite; among no others can we look for those qualities.

Let

Let *true Christians* then, with becoming earnestness, strive in all things things to recommend their profession, and to put to silence the vain scoffs of ignorant objectors. Let them boldly assert the cause of Christ in an age when so many, who bear the name of Christians, are ashamed of Him: let them consider as devolved on Them the important duty of suspending for a while the fall of their country, and, perhaps, of performing a still more extensive service to society at large; not by busy interference in politics, in which it must be confessed there is much uncertainty, but rather by that sure and radical benefit of restoring the influence of Religion, and of raising the standard of morality.

Let them cultivate a catholic spirit of universal good will and amicable fellowship towards all those, of whatever sect or denomination, who, differing from them in non-essentials, agree with them in the grand fundamentals of Religion. Let them countenance men of real piety wherever they are found, and encourage in others every attempt to repress the progress of vice, and to revive and diffuse the influence of Religion and virtue. Let their earnest prayers be constantly offered, that such endeavours may be successful, and that the abused long-suffering of God may still continue to us the invaluable privilege of vital christianity.

Let them pray continually for their country in this season of national difficulty. We bear upon us but too plainly the marks of a declining empire. Who can say but that the Governor of the universe, who declares himself to be a God, who hears the prayers of his servants, may, in answer to their intercessions, for a while avert our ruin, and continue to us the fulness of those temporal blessings, which in such abundant measure we have hitherto enjoyed? Men of the world, indeed, however they may admit the natural operation of natural causes, and may therefore confess the effects of religion and morality in promoting the well-being of the community, may yet, according to their humour, with a smile of complacent pity, or a sneer of supercilious contempt, read of the service which *real Christians* may render to their country, by conciliating the favour, and calling down the blessing of Providence. It may appear in their eyes an instance of the same superstitious weakness, as that which prompts the terrified inhabitant of Sicily to bring forth the image of his tutelar saint, in order to stop the destructive ravages of Ætna. We are, however, sure, if we believe the Scripture, that God will be disposed to favour the nation to which his servants belong; and that, in fact, such as They have often been the unknown and unhonoured instruments of drawing down on their country the blessings of safety and protection.

But it would be an instance in myself of that very false shame which I have condemned in others, if I were not boldly to avow my firm persuasion, that *to the decline of Religion and morality our national difficulties must both directly and indirectly be chiefly ascribed; and that My only solid hopes for the well-being of my country depend not so much on her fleets and armies, not so much on the wisdom of her rulers, or the spirit of her people, as on the persuasion that she still contains many, who, in a degenerate age, love and obey the Gospel of Christ, on the humble trust that the intercession of these may still be prevalent, that for the sake of these, Heaven may still look upon us with an eye of favour.*

VOLUNTEER

VOLUNTEER CLERGY.

The good sense and propriety of the following Answer of the Bishop of Chester, to an application, "how far it would be expedient for Clergymen *to enroll themselves in Volunteer Associations, at the present crisis;" merits every possible publicity.*

Chester, Aug. 6, 1803.

REV. SIR,

I Received your letter this morning, requesting my opinion on the propriety and expediency of the Clergy enrolling themselves in Volunteer Corps, in the present state of the country.

I have considered the subject much, thinking it not improbable that some of my younger brethren within the diocese might desire to know my sentiments, for the regulation of their conduct.

The necessity of universal exertions for the defence of the kingdom, is felt and acknowledged by every one; and I think it highly incumbent on men of our order to encourage and animate the people (if any animation be wanting) at this most critical juncture, by every argument which the discharge of their professional duties and their superior attainments may supply. In this respect the Clergy have it in their power to do essential service; and I think, for many reasons their activity ought not to pass beyond this line. This opinion is confirmed by the wisdom of the Legislature, which, in the operation of the General Armament Act, just passed, has specifically exempted the Clergy from any obligation to bear arms: and very prudently, in my opinion, have they so determined; for the State would suffer more detriment from the alteration of professional character among the Clergy in a military capacity, and from the diminution of respect towards them, which such a measure would soon create among the laity, than it could acquire advantage from the acquisition of their physical force.

If the enemy should effect an invasion, or internal commotion require, that the male inhabitants of parishes should march to a distance from home, the clergymen would then be most actively and suitably occupied, in my judgment, in the general superintendance of the property and female parishioners and children left behind; by his weight and influence he might, in some measure, protect the former from abuse or alienation, while he would be constantly at hand to administer comfort and assistance to the latter. In this situation, if the necessity of the country should require it, he will do far more good, than if he exerted his individual bodily powers in the ranks of an army; he will keep himself more at liberty to apply to those studies, which the proper discharge of his duties require; and, above all, preserve that ascendancy over the minds of the people, which is of so much importance to the effectual discharge of the sacred office he has sworn to execute.

I have delivered my opinion on this subject at some length, not only for your individual satisfaction, but for the information of any of the clergy within my diocese, who may be anxious to know my sentiments on this head. You are at liberty to communicate this letter, or the purport of it, to any clergyman who may desire the information it contains.

I am, Sir, your faithful brother,

H. CHESTER.

THE BRITISH PATRIOT'S CATECHISM.

Adapted to every station of life, and recommended to be attentively perused every Sunday by the enrolled Defenders before and after the hours of Drilling.

Quest.—What are the chief duties of a British patriot?

Ans.—To adore God, obey the King, and love his Country.

Quest.—How are these duties to be practised?

Ans.—1. By a veneration and respect for the religion of our fore-fathers, and a due observance of divine worship.

2. By true allegiance, fidelity in office, and loyalty to the King.

3. The love of our Country is known by the name of *Virtue*, and is considered as the greatest of all *Virtues*. It is a sacrifice of every interest to the public good; and at moments of danger like the present, it manifests itself by the readiness of individuals, to sacrifice their lives and fortunes for the preservation of our rights and liberties, and for the support of our glorious Constitution under the benign influence of a beloved Monarch.

Quest.—Has every British patriot the means of increasing this inestimable virtue, a *Love of our Country?*

Ans.—Yes; every individual in the lowest stations of life, as well as in the highest, may practise this virtue and be useful to the public. Solomon tells us in Proverbs, of a poor wise man who saved a city by his counsel. Has it not often happened in our days, that a private soldier by some unsuspected brave attempt, has been instrumental to his general's obtaining a great victory over the enemies of his country? Does it not also frequently happen, that a common sailor by some unsuspected courageous exploit, hath saved a ship either from burning or sinking, and been instrumental to his captain's gaining a battle? Has not the meanest mechanic made the greatest discoveries of useful inventions, of which his country and the world at large now reap the advantage? Therefore whoever is blessed with a *Love for his Country*, or which is the same thing, a *true Public Spirit*, may rely on Providence always protecting him, and that he will certainly have an opportunity to practise this virtue for the ends it was given him, by some means or other; and his reward will be honors and comforts in this world and eternal happiness and glory in the next.

Quest.—What are the Rights of Britons?

Ans.—These rights are understood to be what is generally called their Liberties, having nature and reason as the foundation upon which they are established; and they may be reduced to the three following heads:—1. The right of personal liberty; 2. The right of personal security; and 3. The right of private property.

In the days of Alfred the Great (nine hundred years ago) true liberty was well understood in this country, and a mutual dependance then subsisted between the monarch and the people. The great Charter of our liberties, called *Magna Charta*, was the basis of our present glorious Constitution, which was obtained from King John by the English barons and the people united sword in hand. The English nobility indeed, have often been forward in vindicating the rights of the people, upon this principle, that a reciprocity of interests is essential in a free mixed government. The Barons therefore, in stipulating for the People, in the Grand

Charter of our liberties, must ever be viewed as an existing theme of gratitude in the hearts of every British patriot. In more recent times, we find the English nobility in vindicating the peoples' rights, buried themselves with Charles the First under the ruins of the throne. The *Bill of Rights* passed in the reign of William and Mary, and entituled, "*An Act declaring the Rights and Liberties of the Subject and settling the Succession of the Crown,*" is an express compact or convention between the King and the People, and which confirmed those imprescriptable rights which we now happily enjoy, and at the same time completed the liberties of British subjects.

Quest.—Has there been, or is there at present any other State, or Government in the world, where there exists such liberties, founded upon the principles of nature and reason, as those established in the British Constitution, by the above-mentioned *Charter* and *Bill of Rights?*

Ans.—None on the face of the Globe, that will bear the smallest comparison. In the ancient Government of France, the right of petitioning the throne was debarred. Taxation was imposed by the monarch without the consent of the people. The judges bought their places, and were venal. The noblesse never vindicated the rights of the people. The subjects were restrained from leaving the kingdom. The liberty of the press was not permitted. The glorious institution of trial by jury was unknown. The criminal laws were often executed with injustice and severity. The proceedings of the courts and the examination of witnesses were taken in private. Judgment was pronounced in secret; and the unhappy victim was kept in dreadful suspense until his fate was announced to him by the goaler, when he was immediately to prepare for execution. In short, the extremes of luxury and poverty, oppression and wretchedness, pervaded twenty-four millions of subjects, in an extensive kingdom full of resources.

Great, however, as the grievances were formerly in France, under the monarchical government, they are not to be compared with those that have, and still continue to exist in that desolated country since the Revolution. Have we not seen the successive Revolutionary Rulers in France playing their parts of *villany, sacrilege, and rapine,* under the mask of *liberty* and *equality.* Where murder and plunder are now constituted *freedom,* and anarchy and confusion established *law.* Where a kingdom once flourishing in arts and sciences has been drenched in the best blood of its subjects. There we find commerce and industry, the parents of wealth, annihilated. Her agriculture and manufactures, stagnated. Forced loans, oppressive taxes, and violent conscriptions, are adopted to support the iniquitous rulers, each rising in a climax of wickedness, and the present Corsican Usurper out-heroding *Herod.* All the horrors of war, insurrection and famine, are now staring her deluded people in the face. A most exemplary truth here presents itself, which ought, as an awful lesson, to be kept constantly in view by other nations not yet convulsed with revolutionary doctrines, namely, that after eleven years of crimes and blood and slaughter, and after erecting on the ruins of their ancient thrones and altars an ambitious and rapacious Republic, under the specious pretext of reforming abuses and remedying the expences of the former government; these infatuated Republicans find, that their burthens instead of being lessened,

are

are considerably increased, and that the resources of the Grand Nation, (except the expectation of plundering other countries) if not dried up; are nearly exhausted.

Let Britons take the converse of the above catalogue of horrible grievances, and it will at once afford consoling and gratifying answers to the question; and will at the same time, demonstrate the superlative advantages and happiness of this country compared with France, or any other in the known world. We ought therefore, to appreciate the blessings under Divine Providence we enjoy in this country, under a happy Government; where our rights are protected by the administration of mild laws; and where rational freedom and civil liberty are more generally diffused than in any other nation upon earth—Shall we then, as *lovers of our country*, allow our liberties to be destroyed by a Corsican Usurper, who has threatened to subjugate the British Empire, to distribute our properties, as plunder to his troops; to lay waste our lands, to commit similar violations and horrors with our wives, daughters, and sisters, as have been done and sanctioned by him in the vanquished countries on the Continent, and eventually to make this fertile kingdom a dreary waste bringing on famine, contagious diseases, and all the evils for many years experienced after the Norman Conquest?*——No; would it not be a thousand times preferable for every true Briton, glowing with a spark of patriotism for his country, to emulate the glorious example of Leonidas, and his chosen band, at the battle of Thermopylæ; and like him, resolve either to conquer an invading foe, or to die to the last man in attempting to defend our Religion, our Laws, our Country, and a Constitution sealed with the blood of our ancestors. A Constitution "*take it for all and all, the World will never see its like again*," which has been reared on a firm basis by the aggregate wisdom of ages, and stands displayed to view the envy and admiration of surrounding nations; and we hope and trust, as far as any mortal fabric can, it will be immortal. We may therefore close the British Patriots Catechism with the expiring wish of the famous father Paul to his Country—"ESTO PERPETUA!" *British Neptune.*

INTERESTING OBSERVATIONS ON THE FRENCH PRESS.

The following particulars of the liberty, licentiousness, and slavery of the French Press, and of its great influence in the different French Revolutions since 1789, will shew, that the present tyrannical Usurper, as well as his predecessors, the already dethroned Kings of factions, has every thing to apprehend from a Press publishing the accusation of truth, the claims of royalty, the injustice of usurpation, the exhibition of guilt, the glory of liberty, the degradation of slavery, and the horrors of tyranny.

The revolutionary war of the French Press is of older date than the revolutionary war of the French Bayonets; the one dates its origin from May, 1789, the other only from March, 1792.

In the first three months of the French Revolution, no less than fifty

* In 1069, the beginning of King William the Conqueror's reign, there was so great a famine in England, that the people were obliged to eat horses, cats, dogs, and even human flesh; and all the land between Durham and York lay waste, without inhabitants to cultivate the ground for the space of nine years!!!

newspapers made their appearance, all of which, except the *Moniteur*, have ceased with the factions, or with the factious, whose principles, passions, vices, and crimes, they attempted to propagate, palliate and defend; and as new factions have continued to succeed each other, so the French Press has produced a succession of newspapers, all hostile to each other, but all agreeing to calumniate or to disturb those regular Governments, which had spirit or dignity enough to resist the endeavours of French rebels and Atheists, to undermine or pervert all social, moral, and religious principles.

When, in the course of the Revolution, interest joined the revolutionary fanaticism, and it became an advantageous speculation to be the proprietor of a favoured newspaper, one of the first acts of a victorious faction was to destroy the presses of its rivals, or opposers, to proscribe, arrest, and often guillotine their proprietors. La Fayette, in 1790, seized the presses of Marat, who in August, 1792, revenged himself by confiscating the presses of his opposers, and sending to the scaffold Duthosoy, the Editor of the Gazette de Paris, a Royalist Paper. But the revenge and iniquity of the factious did not stop here; the list of subscribers to condemned papers, became lists of proscriptions, and few, who in 1792 subscribed to Royalist Papers, have escaped imprisonment, as suspected; outlawry, as Emigrants; or death, as Christians and Royalists.

Each faction had commonly its official paper. In 1789, the true Royalist had *L' Ami du Rois*, by Abbe Royon; the Constitutional Rebels, *Le Courier de Provence*, by Mirabeau; the Republicans, *La Chronique de Paris*, by Condorcet; and the Jacobins, *L' Ami du Peuple*, by Marat. In 1791, *The Gazette Universelle* had succeeded the *Courier de Provence*; and *Le Patriot Français*, by Brissot, the *Chronique de Paris*, succeeded in their turn in 1793, by *L' Ami du Sans Culotte*, by Tallien; and *Le-Pere Duchesne*, by Hebert.

When the Directory, in 1795, ascended to the Republican Throne of France, it declared *Le Redacteur* its official paper; and the *Quotidien* wrote in favour of pure Loyalty; the *L' Eclair* for Constitutional Royalty; the *L' Ami de Lois*, for the Democrats; and *Le Journal des Hommes Libres*, for the Jacobins and Anarchists.

After the Revolution of the 4th September, 1797, the Editors and Proprietors of the *Quotidien*, and the *L' Eclair*, were, without a trial, condemned to transportation, with 30 other Editors of newspapers, who had published the crimes of the Republican Rulers, and exposed or derided the anarchy and slavery of Republican France.

During all these different newspaper-revolutions, the *Moniteur* had escaped the hatred of fanaticism, and the envy of cupidity, because its sale was but small, and its contents but debates, without any remarks, either to offend or interest. Amongst the papers of Robespierre, which, in 1795, were ordered to be printed, was, however, found, a letter from the Editor of the *Moniteur* to Robespierre, demanding a reward for always inserting his and his friends speeches at full length, and only a short extract from those of his opposers and enemies.

When Bonaparte, in 1799, decreed the *Moniteur* his official Gazette, it surprised all those who did not remember, that the *Moniteur* of 1789, 1790, and 1791, had shewn the same favour to Talleyrand, as it had done in 1793 and 1794 to Robespierre, and that Talleyrand, therefore, not only paid his own debts,

debts, but those of his revolutionary accomplice Robespierre. According to report, this act of justice is not quite disinterested, because Citizen Agasse, the present proprietor of the *Moniteur*, pays an annual douceur of one thousand louis d'ors, to one of Talleyrand's mistresses.

Until Bonaparte had usurped the supreme power in France, neither prison, plunder, proscription, or the guillotine, had been able to intimidate the French writers; and if the French press was not always free, it never continued long enslaved; with the asistance of those *virtuous* citizens and *liberal* patriots, the apostate Talleyrand, and the regicide Fouche, Bonaparte organized, in 1799, the slavery of the French press; and as the successes of the French arms in 1800, extended the French power over Italy and Germany, the freedom of writing and printing in those countries was annihilated, as in France, and at present Bonaparte commands as much the presses of Madrid, Rome, and Vienna, as those of Stutgard, Berlin, and Hamburgh; and several persons, who lately have been imprudent enough to publish upon the Continent some unpleasant truths of the great Man, and of his great Ministers, have in the dungeons of Toledo, St. Angelo, Olmutz, and Spandau, had time to learn, that the Corsican disposes as much of the key to those foreign state prisons, as of the key to his own Temple bastile.

When peace was made with England, Bonaparte expected from Englishmen what he had commanded from the Italians and Germans, an admiration of his great power, a forgetfulness or a silence as to the means he had used to obtain it, and that a rebellion, began in the name of liberty, had finished in the most abject slavery. Being disappointed in his expectations, and confounding the limited Government of Great Britain with his own unlimited despotism, and judging the characters of free Britons after those of his French slaves, he has offended and abused His Majesty's Ministers for what they had no power to prevent, and calumniated Englishmen, because he could not otherwise regent the use they made of their liberty, in defiance of him and his 500,000 bayonets.

Since every thing printed in France, either in books, pamphlets, newspapers, or magazines, is submitted to the strictest censure, and a pointed offence is immediately followed by transportation without trial, the French press cannot publish any thing which is not official; and therefore such a political monster as the official *Moniteur* was unnecessary, had not the Corsican policy thought it useful to express its commands to enslaved nations, to frighten weak nations, to insult and trouble free nations, and to assist its political and financial emissaries in their plots and intrigues to undermine the independence, or to ruin the finances of Great Britain.

Unfortunately, such is yet the degraded situation of Europe, that the fortunes of thousands, and the quiet of millions, often depend upon a paragraph dictated by tyranny, passion, or caprice, and published in the official *Moniteur*.

All the different revolutions by different rival rebels and rebel parties, have been indicated, prepared, and effected, by the liberty or licentiousness of the press; it cost Louis XVI. his throne and his life; it formed and ruined the plots of Orleans, La Fayette, Brissot, and Robespierre; it undermined the directorial throne, and it may sooner or later annihilate the unnatural power and pretensions of the Corsican; hence his

his anxiety, hence his anger, intrigues, and conspiracy against the British press; which, notwithstanding his censors, his police, his spies, his Temple, and his Cayanne, reminds Frenchmen of what they were, of what they intended to be, and of what they are.

British Press.

AN EXHORTATION

To stir up the minds of all her Majesty's faithful Subjects, to defend their Country in this dangerous time from the Invasion of Enemies. Faithfully and zealously compiled by Anthony Martin, senior, of her Majesty's most Honourable Chamber.—Meliora Spero.

IN the first volume of the *Harleian Miscellany*, is a tract which bears the above title, and was written on the *Spanish Invasion* in the year 1583. Many passages in it come home to the present situation of this country; and as they appear well calculated to rouse its energies, and to call forth its martial spirit, I the more readily select them, not doubting but they will in some measure conduce to expedite the visit of the Gallic host to the abode of their much esteemed, and very active friend,

OLD NICK.

EHXORTATION.

Though the Dragon (the Enemy) be driven into his den, yet is his sting and poison still in force. Though some of their ships and men be sunk in the sea, yet the sinews of their common wealth remain. *Neither will they ever come to any peace and atonement with you, till ye have plucked those sinews in sunder!*

ARM *yourselves, therefore, again and again, ye Lords and Gentlemen, ye principal Captains, Citizens, and wealthy subjects*; ye that have shewed yourselves so courageous and forward in these late enterprises. *Cleanse your armours, make ready your weapons*, renew your furniture, redouble your provisions, slack no opportunity, LOOK FOR A SPEEDY RETURN OF YOUR ENEMIES; foresee the dangers, provide all necessaries. O! that Englishmen were so sharpened at this day against the enemies of God and her Majesty, as were the Romans against the Carthagenians! O! that they would join their purses and hearts together, as did the wealthy men of that Commonwealth, in any danger of the same!

Ye good men of the Realm! be strong and hardy. COMFORT YOURSELVES IN THE JUSTICE OF YOUR CAUSE. *Convert your ploughs into spears, and your scythes into swords.* Turn your bowls into bows, and all your pastimes into musquet shot. Abandon all your vain delights, and idle games. *If ever ye deserved fame, or honour, or glory to the Nation, now is the time! Now is the time, that either* BY SHAMEFUL COWARDICE, YOU SHALL BRING YOURSELVES INTO CAPTIVITY, OR BY STOUT AND COURAGEOUS MINDS, OBTAIN A NOBLE VICTORY!

Remember! O! think of the valour of our antient Britons, the enterprises of King Arthur, both at home, against the Saxons, and abroad with other nations; the battle of Cressy, of Poictiers, and of Agincourt! I would that we did chiefly follow these noble acts of our own progenitors, in all their wars, fought for the defence of this kingdom, and for the perpetual honour and renown of themselves; *whose cause (nevertheless) being nothing comparable unto ours, yet they spared neither the money in their purse, nor the blood in their bodies, to honour and defend their country.*

And

And we that have done so valiantly at other times, when the quarrel was but for money, or other small matters, is it possible but we should be much more forward now in so great and weighty causes? *When had ever England so just a cause to fight as now? When did she ever more infinitely feel the mercies of God than now? When had we ever a more loving Prince to her subjects than now? When were there ever so many lusty and gallant Gentlemen to defend the realm as now?* When were we at any time better acquainted with the sleights and cunning of our enemies than now? When had we ever more skill in martial actions and trainings than now? *But finally, and above all, when had ever our enemies more unjust cause to deal against us, and we more lawful cause to defend ourselves than now?* And, therefore, *when should we ever have greater hope of victory than now?*

British Press.

PHILIP OF MACEDON.

AND

BONAPARTE OF CORSICA.

I have selected from the *Philippics* of Demosthenes, some passages which I feel applicable to the present time; and with a "*mutato nomine*" which the reader will readily make, by putting the English in the place of the Athenians, and Bonaparte in that of Philip, it will, I think, be universally experienced.

OLD NICK.

DEMOSTHENES to the ATHENIANS.

"*If duly vigilant*, O Athenians! *ye cannot have any thing to fear*; if once remiss, not any thing can happen agreeable to your desires.

"And now, my countrymen, if each of you, renouncing all evasions, will be ready to approve himself an useful citizen, to the utmost that his station and abilities demand; *if the rich will be ready to contribute, and the young to take the field*; in one word, if you will be *yourselves*, and banish those vain hopes, which every single person entertains, *that while so many others are engaged in public business, his service will not be required*; you then (if heaven so pleases) shall maintain your dominions, recall and *chastise the insolence of this man.* For you are not to imagine, that, like a God, he is to *enjoy his present greatness for ever, fixed and unchangeable.* No, Athenians, *there are who hate him, who fear him, who envy him, even among those seemingly the most attached to his cause.* Let us shake off our indolence! for you see how we are situated; you see *the outrageous arrogance of this man*, who does not leave it to your choice, whether you shall act, or remain quiet; but braves you with his menaces, and talks (as we are informed) *in a strain of the highest extravagance*; and is not able to rest *satisfied with his present acquisitions*, but is ever in pursuit of *further conquests*; and while we sit down inactive and irresolute, incloses us on all sides with his toils.

"Talk not of your ten thousands or twenty thousands of foreigners; of those armies which appear so magnificent on paper;* *but let them be the natural forces of the state.*

"What is your aim? Liberty! And do ye not perceive that nothing can *be more adverse to this than* Philip?—Every tyrant is an enemy to liberty, and the

* Δυναμεις επιστολιμαιοι,—*Armies which existed only in letters*; letters written to demand them on one part, and to promise them on the other.

the opposer of laws. Will ye not then be careful lest, *while ye seek to be freed from War*, YE FIND YOURSELVES HIS SLAVES.

"Alynthus, and Methone and Apollonia." *(The Reader will easily substitute modern names of places for these)*, and the other two and thirty cities of Thrace, I pass all over; *every one of which felt such severe effects of his cruelty*, that an observer could not *easily* determine whether any of them HAD EVER BEEN INHABITED OR NOT. The destruction of the Phocians, a people so considerable, shall also pass unnoticed. But think on the condition of the Thessalians. Has he not subverted their states and cities? Has he not established his Tetrarchs over them, that not *only single towns, but whole countries might pay him vassalage?*

"Who has done these actions, so worthy of your indignation? Philip! He who is not only no Greek†, no way allied to Greece‡, but sprung from a part of the barbarian world, *unworthy to be named*; A VILE MACEDONIAN!"§

British Press.

BRITONS! TO ARMS!

AMONG the various threats used by the tyrannical and insidious enemy, who is attempting our Destruction and Overthrow, THE PLUNDER OF OUR COUNTRY! is held out as the reward to the Armies which are to invade us, and the MURDER OF THE INHABITANTS! to gratify the revenge of the Corsican Usurper, whose diabolical and restless spirit cannot endure to see us in the enjoyment of the fruits of our honest industry and the Liberties of our happy Constitution.

That this is the avowed intention of the invasion of BONAPARTE, he has told us in a hundred different ways—he has moreover insultingly called us a nation of shopkeepers, tradesmen, mechanics, and manufacturers,—too fond of our ease to engage in the hardships of a soldier's life; and that as we depend for our safety upon our Fleet, he will attempt various *landings both here and in Ireland*, at the same time, relying on the success of one of them to carry his point—such are his plans. Be it ours to turn them into defeat and disgrace.

It is no wonder he should wish to escape the vigilance of our Brave Tars who have so often made France feel the power of their thunder, and will again whenever they meet them. But, Brother Countrymen!! the present moment calls to us who inhabit this happy Island, *to perform our duty on shore*, while our Fleets are employed on the Ocean. It is probable, that, from the various points that France can make her attacks, she will succeed in effecting a landing somewhere.—Let us then be prepared, not only to meet it with vigilance, but repel it with success. Let us shew *France and all the world*, that there are Britons on Shore spread over every part of the United Kingdom, ready to meet them at the point of the bayonet, and resolved not to allow one to return to France to tell the tale of their overthrow. Let every man among us who is capable of bearing arms, repair to the spot nearest to his home, and give up a portion of his time to learn the use of them, and how most to annoy the enemy with success, who shall have dared to set his foot on British Ground. This is the moment to give a bright example to the world, as we have often done in times past, by uniting as one man for the defence of our families, and every thing that is dear to us. Never was the appeal so strong to Britons

† Frenchman. ‡ France. § Corsican.

Britons as at present. But strong as it is, never will our national Character shine forth with greater strength and energy. We will shew the world what they have never before seen—ONE MILLION OF FREE-MEN IN ARMS; resolved to defend their Country to the last drop of their blood.—In such a cause, *success will attend our exertions.* And those who survive the conflict, will be rewarded by a happy and joyful old age, and teach their children, and their children's children, that all the sacrifices they made of time, exertion, or fatigue, are nothing compared to the comforts they have thereby transmitted down to them, in having saved their Country, and all that was dear to them, from a cruel and bloody Tyrant. Bold and determined in our conduct, let it be our unremitting care to be vigilant and active at the present moment, and shew France that justly as we value our Navy, for its vigilance and its prowess, *the Inhabitants of the United Kingdom are one and all* at their posts ready, not only to meet them on *British Ground*, but to avenge the insult of any army, however numerous it may be, that dares to land.

Fellow countrymen! Do not be deceived!! It is only by being thus prepared to repel by force of arms every *attack* that can be made upon us, that we are to look for a *secure* and *honourable peace*—Let the world see this, and she will be your friend, and ally.—Let France know this is your internal state, and she will compel Bonaparte to seek for Peace with you.—You know the man against whom you have to contend—He has written his own perfidious and blasphemous character in *letters of blood*, in every country where the deluded people have listened to his promises.—To compromise the question between him and us, would be to *surrender our independence* and even our *Existence as a nation*—and shall this happen in our days? Shall we give up what our ancestors purchased with their blood, and what has raised this Country to the highest pitch of greatness and prosperity?—*Banish the idea from our hearts*—We will, by our *unwearied exertions*, at this present important moment, give the lie to all the libels which Bonaparte published, even during the short period we were at peace with him, and which, in fact, were all hatched from this one impudent and insulting menace, that "*We dared not contend against France single handed.*" Away with such French bombast!—We not only dare to contend, BUT WE DARE TO CONQUER!

SUCH IS BONAPARTE!

The following is extracted from a Pamphlet, entituled the "Atrocities of the Corsican Demon."

———*Such is Bonaparte!—So* many *and so* great *are the Atrocities of that proud, insolent* USURPER *of a foreign throne, who seems to sway the sceptre of the greatest part of the European world; who by his crimes, treachery, and bloody atchievements, having subjugated so many of its Princes and Potentates, has parcelled out their several States and Principalities according to his own arbitrary will, and as it best gratified the various schemes of his cruelty, wantonness, or oppression! He* now *threatens to* invade *our peaceful shores, to let loose his Dogs of War upon our fertile and pleasant fields—to* ravage *and to* destroy!

Men and Britons!

OR, if there be any more *animating* appellation, let me use it, to awaken you

you to a due sense of your situation; upon *yourselves* it must depend whether your *implacable* Foe shall be enabled to realize his insolent menaces. You are called upon by your lawful Rulers, to arm in your own defence. We trust they will not call *in vain*. Rouse your native vigour! Be FIRM, UNITED, and FAITHFUL to yourselves; and prove to the whole world that you are *worthy* of the signal blessings which, under Divine Providence, you have so long enjoyed. The surrounding Nations of the civilized earth are attentive spectators of your conduct: let them behold and admire the *glorious* efforts you shall make in that *momentous* conflict, the awful issue of which must establish you FREEMEN, or SLAVES!—Perhaps these degraded Nations may *catch*, from your exertions, some bright spark of the hallowed flame of LIBERTY, which may *renovate* in them the true *spirit* and *dignity* of man!

Too long has the bold Usurper and his bloody Myrmidons, the *miscreant* instruments and executioners of his will, triumphed in the spoils of these coward, fallen Nations—*too long* has this pitiless Destroyer, with wild and boundless ambition desolated half the Continent; murders, rapes, confiscation, merciless tyranny, and the most complicated sufferings have marked his walk through all those countries, whose wretched pusillanimity, or treasonable dissentions, exposed them *first* to his aggression, and delivered them up an almost *unresisting* prey to his arms.

Look at Italy!—Her fertile lands lie as yet almost uncultivated; hardly yet cleared of the ruins of her shattered villages, stormed towns, sacked Churches, with their cloud-capped towers and stately edifices all razed and levelled with the dust! Where "oxen once ploughed," there *men's* bones are seen, and the "heaps of her slain" strew the wide plains!! Hundreds of her WOMEN have actually perished from the forced embraces of the vile ruffian armies who invaded her; while her peasants have been torn from the plough, and transported into a miserable captivity, to fight their Tyrant Conqueror's battles, and meet pestilence and death in the Island of St. Domingo.

Mark the Tyrant's pac through SWITZERLAND—his Helvetian Republic, as he terms it!—a simple, virtuous, laborious, and contented people—whose ambition never led them to provoke him, and who had not sufficiency of wealth to tempt the rapacity of the spoilers! Yet Bonaparte tendered them the Fraternal Embrace of his army of Freebooters—the French invaded, divided, convulsed, and spoiled—and she is now most vilely degraded, and has lost her name and rank among Nations.

In Holland too, rapine, lust, proscription, and the same system of wanton cruelty and oppression have followed the Invader's train, and violated the dearest rights of humankind; and those High and Mighty Lords, once so famed as the proud opposers of the usurpation of the tyrant Philip of Spain, are now also sunk into a contemptible insignificance: they are become the very *patient*, *abject*, and *submissive* slaves of a CORSICAN ADVENTURER; they hold their very existence at his nod; they *politically live* but to obey his mandates, and execute his projected vengeance against *our* adjacent Isles—whilst, in all the ridiculous modern Gallic *Grandiloquence* and mocking phraseology of their vain-glorious conquerors, their

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ears are tickled with the title of the *Batavian Republic*.

Observe again the fell Tyrant's late road of ruin and spoilation IN HANOVER! Mark *this* violation of "German indemnities" and "law of nations!" Read his omnipotent injunction to his General!—"I COMMAND you to conquer Hanover, as a province of ENGLAND!" Then follow the most merciless requisitions and *intolerable* exactions.

It is certainly the prerogative of Supreme Wisdom and Almighty Power, to arrange the most *discordant* principles—from the womb of the most *hideous* Night, to call forth beauty, order, and light;—and for what wise purposes Providence may have permitted this desolation of the Nations, or to what great events, or *regeneration* in the general system of the world, its *present* miserable distraction may, through his operation or controul, be made *ultimately* subservient, none can presume to say. There are, doubtless, certain seasons in the *political* world, as in the *moral* life of the individual, which call loudly for the *chastening* or *mitigating* hand of *Heaven*. When the "Tyrant, and those who ride upon the high places of the earth, boast themselves that they can do mischief," and the "fury of the oppressor rages like the waves of a troubled sea," then it pleases the "God of Hosts" himself to arise to judgment, to help the oppressed, to stay the "destroying angel's arm," to vindicate the insulted rights of Nature, and to *renovate* the fair face of his rational Creation.

How much further this CORSICAN BARBAROSSA, and the nation he has so egregiously duped, may yet be permitted by the high decrees of Heaven to extend their conquests, we cannot tell. Perhaps the *shores* of this our isle may be the limits of their ambition:—"Hitherto may they come, but no further!" and here may their proud rage and lawless lust of domination, be staid.

You my Countrymen, may perhaps be the *fitted* instruments in the hands of Heaven to inflict the most signal chastisement upon these public robbers of the earth. Your native spirit, patriotic virtue, your Example, may be the Means by which Heaven may think proper to rouse the sleeping Nations; to re-animate their expiring Fortitude, emancipate them from their ignominious thraldom, and teach them to assert their RIGHTS, to *punish* and *avenge* their WRONGS.

You indeed the Adversary threatens with an accumulation of miseries; you he hates with a more deadly hatred, for you *only* have withstood, with manly perseverance and vigour, the violent assault of his arms, and the insidious manœuvres of his *policy*; and have been hitherto *alone* enabled to open your sheltering bosom to the proscribed fugitives of suffering Europe. You have been the only dike which still opposes the desolating tempest—the overflowing torrent of their wild ambition of universal rule.

Against *you*, Britons, they are therefore maddened with fury; they openly profess to inflict upon you every evil a *conquered* people can suffer—to annihilate your trade—to confiscate your property—to seize your persons—carry away your wives and children *captives*—and even to blot out the very name of ENGLAND from the list of nations; that hereafter you may be recorded but as a *Province* of the *French Republic*.

Attend, I conjure you, with the honest feelings and *indignant* spirit of Britons to these insolent vaunts of your *braggart Foe!* At the same time look manfully

manfully your true danger in the face! You are in the most *serious* manner called upon by those who best understand the *Threatened* danger, to rise, with one heart and mind, *Bravely* to meet it—even to ARM IN MASS, without distinction of rank or property, and to go forth in the righteous cause of your country, to repel the Insolent Invaders; and, should they have escaped the vigilance of our fleets, to drive them back by your swords, pikes, and bayonets from your shores, into that element from which they had dared to disembark.

Consider, consider well, How Much you have at stake; and let me beseech you, above all things, avoid Dissention! The independence—the very existence of the British Empire is at hazard; the *safety, liberty, life, and property* of every man in the kingdom are involved in the *issue* of a conflict which the revolution of a few *months* or *weeks* may bring forth! Banish all party disputes from your spirits; let no jealousy or baseborn envy of superior distinctions in society disturb your *unanimity* in this great Common Cause; let no rankling discontent, arising from *comparative* meanness of rank and situation of life, or straitness of the circumstances of private fortune, damp the ardour called for at the momentous crisis. It is the ordinance of God, that there should be infinite gradations extending through the series of *temporal* and even Eternal existence. As "*One Star differeth from another Star in Glory*," so shall the plan of Subordination be through the whole earthly system: there must, therefore, arise various Inequalities in the social condition; some must be *rich*, and others *poor*, among the different members of a large community.

We have seen, indeed, a few adventurous spitirts in the regions of Philosophy, presumptuously attempting to snatch from the hands of Heaven the reins of Universal administration, professing to *regenerate* political life, and Exterminate these inequalities of the Social State: but, alas! presuming thus to mount the "Chariot of the Sun," they have succeeded *only*——in setting the World on Fire."

That country certainly enjoys the greatest possible *quantum* of happiness where these irregularities are most softened and corrected by the mild provisions of its Government, and the severity of the *adverse* lot mitigated by the most humane and benevolent Institutions. It is the *unrivalled*, the proud superiority of Britons, to possess such a country; for in no Christian Nation under Heaven's spacious canopy have the manifold and multiform evils of penury and calamitous distress, had their numerous claims provided for by so many Express and Positive Laws and obligations of public and parochial contributions; while *private* beneficence pours forth the unsolicited alms and oblations of Charity, through a thousand sluices, to the supply of the Poor and Needy.

The Laws and Constitution under which you, my Countrymen, live, have ever been, indeed, the Envy and Admiration of surrounding nations; under their benign influence your country has risen to a high pitch of honour Abroad, and to a very distinguished state of wealth and happiness At Home. It is in the dominions of the British Isles alone, where "LIBERTY and EQUALITY of RIGHTS," those sublime objects which your vain-glorious enemies, in their rival Republic, have theoretically contemplated, or chimerically prosecuted, have been, through a long series of years, substantially, rationally, and permanently enjoyed. Your Laws and

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Constitution extend their Protecting, Fostering Care to all ranks alike, from the Palace to the Cottage; and in this fortunate Island, security and happiness may *as often* be met with blessing the humble hut of the honest and industrious *peasant* and mechanic, and crowning their simple board with smiles and contentment, as the more splendid dome and sumptuous fare of the most highly decorated Noble. This is not rhapsody —no rant of declamation, but attested fact—attested by the happy experience of thousands of the sons and daughters of this BLESSED ISLE!

Happy, Happy Englishmen! did you *all* but know your own blessings!—did you but justly Compare, Discriminate, and Feel your proud *pre-eminence!* Your highly distinguished country well deserves your guardian care; and whilst you have *hearts* to feel and understand its Blessings, show, in the hour of insult or invasion, that you have spirits to defend and maintain its Rights. Let not your enemies suppose, from any appearance of Faint-Heartedness among you, that Englishmen have lost any thing of their Pristine Courage or Magnanimity; let it not be argued, that from the long period of internal peace and tranquility you have enjoyed within your own borders, *therefore* the great body of your people have exchanged their native character for hardihood and valorous "*feats* of Arms," for drowsy indolence, supine indulgence, and all the *unmanning* charms of the "piping times of Peace."—No, when every thing that can be dear to man is at stake, it would be Criminal in the extreme—it would be Dastardly, it would be High Treason against Nature, to barter, to compromise a single privilege of your Birthright for the Love of Ease and Inglorious Sloth. It has been also insinuated by your insulting Foe, that *even* your Trained Soldiers, Loyal Yeomanry, and Militia, not having been Familiarised with Battle Arrays, and all the "Din of War," their firm nerves would tremble at the actual presence of the dangers of the "tented field," and when opposed Front to Front against his stanch *Blood-Hounds —his Veterans in Carnage.* You are deeply interested in falsifying these humiliating aspersions upon your Name and Nation. Let your enemies rather know, that when necessity demands, when the independence, the glory, the very existence of your country are thus threatened with destruction, the *looms*, the *mines*, the *shops*, and the *ploughs' long furrows* will pour forth their thousands and ten thousands of SELF-CREATED Heroes, armed with SPIRITS INVINCIBLE, and bosoms glowing with all that ardour which, in the more glorious annals of your history, fired your forefathers' breasts, and utterly *discomfited* this same Gasconading foe in the famed fields of *Agincourt, Cressy, and Poictiers.* And *who* is this same boastful hero, that is to lead them on to Your conquest and annihilation?—whohas *already* promised to parcel out your lands among his desperate Banditti?—Is not *this* the Doughty Hero, who fled before a *Handful of Britons* in the tottering fortress of *Acre?* Know—know Britons, that your land abounds with Heroes, who will not yield to this *braggart* Corsican, though, having never *darea his* crimes, their names may not be so blazoned with *military* atchievements, nor their brows so shadowed with Ill-Reaped Laurels. Fear Him Not, Countrymen! on *British* ground he may meet his *fate!*—The *outraged* earth cries loudly for his Blood!

Ye *Murdered* shades of *Jaffa* and *Rosetta*, rise and appal the bloody tyrant's

rant's heart, and, in the *invading* hour, let him pay to *British* swords the murderer's Forfeit Life! But, in the meantime, in the name of the God of Truth, let me conjure any of my too *credulous* countrymen to beware of Gallic faith, and the embrace of their Fraternity:—they mean *proscription*, *slavery*, or Death. Nay, should any misguided *wretch* amongst us, whether maddened by the rage of disappointed ambition, stimulated by the pressure of desperate fortune, or goaded into rebellion by domestic jars and *faction*, hope to attain any *foul* pre-eminence, by favouring the enemy's success in the expected conflict, and thus to build a fortune upon his Country's Ruin—let him remember that, however men "*like the treason, yet all hate the* Traitor;" the very name of Briton which he bears—a name *indicative* of a *spirit*, and privileges as offensive to the ears and eyes of Bonaparte, as Heaven and its joys are to damned spirits and blaspheming fiends, would for ever blast his aspiring hopes, and sooner or later bring down deserved destruction upon the devoted head of the man who, shall thus prove a TRAITOR to his GOD, his KING, his COUNTRY, and HIMSELF.

Let your sacred duties to your God and your King, and the love of your Country, dissipate all private or sinister views. Assist, co-operate in all measures that tend to establish True Liberty, Loyalty, Justice, and Good Order; *then* you shall see the salvation of God—then you may be strong, and go forth to fight the just battles of your country—the Almighty God of Armies will be with you! for his high will has ordained, his Superintending Providence has directed, this island to be Free!—Why then doth this vaunting adversary imagine such "Vain Things" against us? Let us hurl defiance and destruction at his ill-gotten power. Let us crush to the earth all the followers of his fortune, the wretched tools of his oppressions. Let us teach that duped nation of his ambition, that Britain will never suffer any bold invader's foot to tread even *softly* by the den of her Sleeping Lion!—Rouse! Rouse then, Britons! To Arms! To Arms! Strike Home! Repel the Invaders, and *avenge* your Wrongs! Could your Ancestors now speak to you from their tombs, they would cry aloud to you, in this glorious struggle, to Conquer or to Die!—They would tell us of the Oceans of Blood they themselves have shed, through the successive periods of their history, to *procure*, *preserve*, and *transmit* to us those invaluable blessings we are now called upon to Defend. Let us prove that we are no *degenerate* offspring from this gallant stock of heroes; but are *worthy* to inherit those glorious rights and privileges for which *they bled* and died; and if, through the fiat of the Almighty God of Hosts, we are doomed to *fall* in the awful contest—for All Empires of this Earth must end, and Time itself expire—let the astonished *surviving* world record our "*high deeds in arms*" upon our Native Shores; let them rehearse, in the ears of *future* listening ages, this conclusion of our Nation's story, that "BRITONS CEASED TO LIVE, BECAUSE THEY NEVER WOULD LIVE SLAVES."

BRITONS, ATTEND!—If you are LOST, YOU LOSE YOURSELVES!—ROUSE, and avert your DISGRACE and IRRETRIEVABLE RUIN.

IN-

INVASION!

Reflections on the terrors of it: In which are clearly shown the numerous Difficulties and Dangers of such an Enterprize; with the best mode of Defence, should our Enemies be able to effect a Landing.—By the late Rev. Dr. TUCKER, *Dean of Gloucester.*

IN times of imminent danger, or universal panic, an honest man, who really means to serve his country, may easily be distinguished from a ministerial sycophant on one extreme, and from a seditious Republican on the other, by the following circumstance: he will neither applaud nor censure the actions of either side for what is past (whatever room there may have been given) but will look directly forward, in order to point out, if he can, the means of preventing those evils, with which we are now threatened. This he may endeavour to do (for he has an ample field before him) by animating the timorous and faint hearted, who are afraid with every little cause; and also by inspiring the bold and intrepid with those maxims of prudence and sagacity, that may direct their courage to a proper end. We are now threatened with an invasion: but, humanly speaking, and under favour of the general Providence of God, we have as little to fear in that respect as any people upon earth. This is my strong assertion; this is my firm belief;—and, reader, whosoever thou art, if an honest man, thou will not disdain to listen candidly to my reasons, which are the following:—All invasions, by which the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland can be at all affected, are to be considered in four different points of view:—the embarkation of the troops intended for this invasion, both horse and foot, their artillery and carriages, waggons, draught horses, tents, baggage, implements, intrenching tools, &c.—and after these are all embarked, the sailing of such a prodigious fleet of transports, together with their convoys, either at once, or in small divisions;—after a successful voyage, their debarkation, or landing on our shore;—and, lastly, their march on land, in order either to subdue the country, or to convert it into a congress government, similar to that in America, under the protection and guarantee-ship of France and Spain.

First, therefore, The embarkation of the troops.

An army to be embarked from France for the conquest of Great Britain or Ireland, could not be less than thirty thousand of the best troops, and the best appointed, which France could produce. [To carry any reasonable degree of success, it ought to be twice as many.] Now this army must bring with them as much provisions, both for themselves and their horses, as would last them a whole month after landing; because it could not be supposed, that the English would open markets for their enemies, and bring supplies to them as soon as they landed. On the contrary, they must know, from the nature of the case, that wherever they landed, they would find the country stripped and destitute of all kinds of provisions, of horses, cattle, wheel-carriages, and every implement fit for their use.—Now this circumstance of the invading army being encumbered with such vast quantities of draught-horses, provisions, &c. over and above their other loads, will require a far greater number of transports than might otherwise have been sufficient.—Nay, were we to compare the number of transports,

ports, to be employed on this occasion, with those which were used by our glorious deliverer, the Prince of Orange (see the account of this matter in Rapin's history, vol. ii. page 177.) we should find that they could not be so few as one thousand sail. Indeed, they ought to be a great many more, because the Prince did not bring that quantity of provisions and draught-horses, even in proportion, along with him, which the French must, both because he intended a much shorter passage than they have to make—especially if they have a view of invading Ireland—and also as he knew he should be received with open arms, whenever he should land. For these reasons our enemies must supply themselves with a prodigious fleet of transports, and a large squadron, or squadrons, of frigates, cutters, and other small ships, sufficient to cover and protect those transports from the fury of the English frigates, cutters, and privateers.—Now, humanly speaking, and considering the great exertions which our enemies have already made, this is impossible to be done. But granting even that it is possible, then it is to be observed, that such a fleet of transports and convoys, as here supposed, cannot rendezvous in any one port in all France (I mean with safety) except, perhaps, in the harbour of Brest. And, as so large a number would necessarily breed great confusion, even there, they could not come out all at once, but must sail in different divisions, with convoys attending each division. This circumstance, as it would necessarily divide their strength, would give the English fast-sailing frigates, cutters, cruizers, &c. great advantage over them. The very same thing would happen, were they to sail from different ports, with this additional disadvantage, that the different squadrons would be less able to act in concert, and that the troops on board one division would be more at a loss to know what had become of their companions in the expedition, where to look for them, or when to join them.

Secondly, the sailing of this grand armament.

Let us now suppose the above-mentioned difficulties, some way or other, all got over; and we are to inquire what would naturally ensue. "A most prodigious number, at least one thousand vessels, for different kinds of transports, together with fifty or sixty frigates, cutters, advice boats, &c. are gone out of port, and are now under sail." Granted. "And whilst they are steering their course towards England, the grand navy of France is keeping the grand navy of England at bay; or, having beaten it, is riding triumphant on the English seas." For argument sake, and in order to treat our croakers in their own way, let this be granted also. But then, we have a right to ask, What kind of sailors can you suppose it possible for our enemies to procure for navigating these transports, and these convoys, after having provided so amply before for their great ships of war? This is a new difficulty, which requires a solution: for the French mariners, at the very best, are not expert on their own coast, much less on ours: and in the present case, their best are supposed to be already placed on board their grand fleet; so that the residue must be very bad, if indeed any sailors at all. And yet, with a fleet of transports manned with such insignificant creatures as these, poor England and Ireland are to be invaded, and to be conquered! Nay, what is still more extraordinary, this fleet, manned with such ignorant sailors, and filled with sea-sick soldiers,

and

and sea-sick affrighted horses, are never to run foul of each other, night or day, nor are their commanders to mistake one signal for another, nor commit any material blunder whatsoever! These things are surely very strange and new; the like is not to be found in the history of mankind. Besides, when this numerous fleet is out at sea, a most uncommon dexterity, and the most skilful manœuvres, become necessary on another account. Transports, of every kind, are unfit for fighting; and the more crowded they are, the less capable of making a good defence. Therefore, when they are attacked, their business is to fly, and to leave the battle to be fought by those frigates, cutters, &c. which were appointed to conduct, guard, and protect them. Now, in such scenes of distraction and confusion, it is hardly possible, even for the most expert set of sailors, and the coolest commanders, not to make some fatal mistake, though only in a fleet of fifty or sixty sail of common merchantmen. Judge, therefore, what must be the case among a fleet of one thousand sail of transports, where the cargo consists of soldiers, and of horses, the one sick, and the other both sick and frightened; and where the sailors themselves are so ignorant and unskilful as to add greatly to the general confusion, instead of remedying it! Indeed, some of our patriotic news-writers, speech-makers, and pamphleteers, have been pleased to inform us, that our enemies will avoid, or have avoided, all these difficulties and dangers, by embarking the troops, stores, ammunition, &c. designed to invade us, on board their great ships of war. But let all such persons, whose business it is to intimidate and misrepresent, be plainly told, that a great ship of war, if turned into a transport, or *flute*, as the French term it; that is, if loaded or crowded with troops, horses, carriages, &c. is no longer able to use its lower tier of guns, and to act as a great ship of war; and, therefore, that a good frigate, of thirty or forty guns, is clearly an over match for a capital ship of seventy-six or eighty guns, in those circumstances. So much as to the sailing part of this grand invading fleet.

Thirdly, The debarkation of the grand invading army.

We are now to suppose, (however improbable) that all, or the far major part, are safely arrived on our coasts, and are preparing for a descent. Such a fleet as this would soon become visible, as it drew near to land; even if we had no advice-boats to give us quicker notice. And when visible, the country would be alarmed; and all the horses, cattle, provisions, wheel-carriages, &c. would speedily be removed some miles higher up from the water-side. From the time they were first descried by our glasses, till the time the transports and convoys had cast anchor, and ranged themselves in proper order for a debarkation, three days must at least intervene; and from that time to the completion of the debarkation [horses, cannons, mortars, carriages, ammunition, baggages, tents, provisions, entrenching tools, and every thing including] there would be at least eight days more, if not twice as many; and that too, even if we should suppose our frigates, cutters, cruisers, and privateers at sea, and our light troops on land, gave them no manner of interruption, but looked on as unconcerned spectators. On a supposition also, that the wind and weather continued to be as favourable to them as they themselves could wish, there is a particular reason why a debarkation on an English, or an Irish coast, would take

take up so much longer time than on some others, especially on the coast of the Mediterranean, or of the Baltic; for here the tides rise and sink so much every twelve hours, that more than two-thirds of the time, which might be employed in a debarkation, are spent in waiting for the ebbing or flowing of the tide. This is a great advantage which we enjoy, when acting purely on the defensive side. After the debarkation is completed, some days must be allotted for rest; and in order that the men and horses might recover their sea-sickness and fatigue, so as to be fit to march.

Moreover, several things belonging to the different kinds of carriages, unavoidably broken, disjointed, or lost, by the embarkations and debarkation, would want to be repaired or restored; all which could not take up less time than six days more: so that, from the first appearance of this invading army on our coasts, to the time they would be ready to begin their march, fifteen whole days would be expired, a period surely long enough, if we be not wanting to ourselves, to put England or Ireland into a proper posture of defence.

Fourthly. The march of the invading army.

We are now coming to a new scene; for after having allowed (for argument sake) that every thing would succeed according to the most sanguine wishes of the invaders themselves, and contrary to every degree of probability, we are now to consider what would be the consequence of this intended march; only supposing that no miracles were to be wrought in favour of our enemies, and that we ourselves were actuated by so much common sense as to take the necessary steps for the defence of every thing near and dear belonging to us. An army of about twenty-eight thousand foot, and two thousand horse [for a less number than two thousand horse cannot in this case be rationally supposed] with about 1000 draught horses for the artillery, provision waggons, baggage, &c. are quitting those intrenchments they threw up on their landing, and beginning their march (say, if you please) towards the metropolis. Then the place of their landing would probably be somewhere on the coasts of Essex, Suffolk, or Norfolk, on one side of the Thames, or on the coasts of Kent, Sussex, Hants, or Dorset, on the other; that is, as nearly as they could come with safety to the capital of the kingdom, and as opposite to their own shores (with which they must keep up a constant communication) as the nature of the case would permit. Now after they have begun their march, a remarkable difference in the manner of carrying on the war will ensue. For while the invaders were at sea, their business was to avoid fighting: but now that they have landed, and have began their march, it is their interest to fight as soon as possible; and our interest is just the reverse.

To explain this matter in such a manner as to make the most ignorant comprehend it, and at the same time to remove all apprehensions from the timid, that we are flying before our enemies, I would beg leave to observe, even from our English history, that had Harold not given battle to William Duke of Normandy, almost as soon as he had landed, and had he, instead of fighting, only skirmished with the invader, sending a few choice troops to dispute some particular posts, and at the same time harassing him perpetually, cutting off his convoys, straightening his quarters, and not giving him a moment's respite, night or day; William the Norman must have been obliged to return home without

without the style and title of William the Conqueror, if he could have been able to return at all. Much the same thing would have happened to our great deliverer, the Prince of Orange, had he not been joined, in his progress from Exeter to London, by great numbers of the English, who wisely preferred the mild government of a limited monarchy to that which his rival endeavoured to establish, viz. an arbitrary and despotic one. Therefore it is plainly our interest not to fight the invader on his first landing, unless we have cause to surmise, (which I think we have not, notwithstanding the madness of the times) that our patriotic republicans will join the French in any considerable numbers, in order to set up a tyrannical form of government, similar to that of France. But I rely more on their fears to keep them quiet, than on their principles of loyalty or of honour. And therefore I press the maxim again, that if the French should make good their landing, it is our interest not immediately to fight them. It has been observed before, that the invaders would endeavour to land as near the capital as they could, and as opposite to their own coasts (with which they must keep up a constant correspondence) as the nature of the case would permit; consequently the place or places of their debarkation could not be less than seventy miles, and ought not to be much more than 140 miles distant from the Metropolis. Suppose a medium between those, viz. 105 miles. Now, in that space of country, there certainly might be found at least ten, perhaps twenty, or thirty places, strong by nature, and quickly to be fortified by art, so far as to enable three or four battalions at each place, aided by three or four companies of light horse and of light infantry, to hold out against the whole invading army for a few days. This method of carrying on the war by various posts, or redoubts, instead of coming to a pitched decisive battle, is what distresses an invading enemy the most of any thing, because he knows that at last he must be ruined by it. Therefore, let us now proceed in this view of things: the few English battalions, before mentioned, being dislodged from the first post or redoubt, retire to a second, perhaps at the distance of ten or twelve miles farther; the light horse and light infantry bringing up their rear, and covering their retreat. The troops stationed in the second post being thus joined by the retreating battallions, and by the light horse and light infantry of the first, become proportionably stronger, and therefore make more vigorous resistance; from the second, we will suppose, that a retreat is made in the same manner to the third, and also to the fourth, the fifth, and so on, their numbers and their strength still increasing, whilst the numbers and strength of the invaders are diminishing every hour: till at last, tired by perpetual fatigues, harrassed by the continual incursions of the light troops, dispirited by seeing no end to their labours, suffering from the want of provisions, enfeebled by the losses sustained in so many bloody encounters, thinned by desertions, by sickness and by every other calamity attending a sinking cause, the few remains of this grand and formidable army are obliged to surrender themselves prisoners of war, much after the same manner as the army under the famous Charles XII. of Sweden was compelled to do at Pultowa, and as General Burgoyne lately did at Saratoga.

AN INVASION-SKETCH.

IF there be one Person so lost to all Love for his Country, and the British Constitution, as to suppose that his Person or his Property, his Rights and his Freedom, would be respected under a Foreign Yoke, let him contemplate the following Picture—not overcharged, but drawn from Scenes afforded by every Country; Italy, Holland, Switzerland, Germany, Spain, Hanover, &c. which has been exposed to the Miseries of a French Invasion.

London, 10 *Thermidor*, *year*—

General BONAPARTE made his public entrance into the Capital over London Bridge, upon a charger from His BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S stables at Hanover, preceded by a detachment of Mamelukes. He stopped upon the bridge a few seconds to survey the number of ships in the river; and beckoning to one of his Aid-de-camps, ordered the French flag to be hoisted above the English—the English sailors on board, who attempted to resist the execution of this order, were bayonetted, and thrown overboard.

When he came to the Bank, he smiled with complaisance upon a detachment of French grenadiers who had been sent to load all the bullion in waggons, which had been previously put in requisition by the prefect of London, Citizen MENGAUD, for the purpose of being conveyed to France. The directors of the Bank were placed under a strong guard of French soldiers in the Bank parlour.

From the Bank the FIRST CONSUL proceeded in grand procession along Cheapside, St. Paul's, Ludgate-hill, Fleet-street, and the Strand, to St. James's Palace. He there held a grand Circle, which was attended by all his Officers, whose congratulations he received upon his entrance into the Capital of these once proud islanders. BONAPARTE, previously to his arrival, appointed two Prefects, one for London and one for Westminster. Citizen MENGAUD, late Commissary at Calais, is the Prefect of London, and Citizen RAPP of Westminster. He also nominated Citizen FOUCHE to the office of Minister of Police. The Mansion-house has been selected for the residence of the Prefect of London, and Northumberland-House for the residence of the Prefect of Westminster. As it has been deemed necessary to have the Minister of Police always near the person of the First Consul, Marlboro' House has been given to Citizen Fouche. Lodgings have been prepared elsewhere for the late owners of that splendid palace.

London was ordered to be illuminated, and detachments of French dragoons paraded the principal streets and squares, all night.

11 *Thermidor*.

BONAPARTE, at five o'clock in the morning, reviewed the French troops on the Esplanade at the Horse Guards. A Council was afterwards held, at which the following Proclamations were drawn up, and ordered to be posted in every part of the city:

By ORDER of the FIRST CONSUL.

PROCLAMATION.

St. James's Palace.

"Inhabitants of London, be tranquil. The Hero, the Pacificator, is come among you. His moderation and his mercy are too well known to you. He delights in restoring peace and liberty to all mankind. Banish all alarms. Pursue your usual occupations. Put on the habit of joy and gladness."

The

The FIRST CONSUL orders,

"That all the Inhabitants of London, and Westminster, remain in their own houses for three days.

"That no molestation be offered to the measure which the French Soldiers will be required to execute.

"All Persons disobeying these Orders will be immediately carried before the Minister of Police."

(Signed) BONAPARTE.
The Minister of Police, FOUCHE.

Proclamation to the French Soldiers.

Soldiers! BONAPARTE has led you to the Shores and the Capital of this proud island. He promised to reward his brave companions in arms. He promised to give up the capital of the British Empire to pillage. Brave comrades, take your reward. London, the second Carthage, is given up to pillage for three days. (Signed)

BONAPARTE.

The Minister of War,
par interim, ANGEREAU.

The acclamations of the French soldiery—*Vive Bonaparte—le Heros—le Pacificateur——le Magnanime*——resound through every street,

13*th*, 13*th*, 14*th*, *Thermidor.*

LONDON PILLAGED. The doors of private houses forced. Bands of drunken soldiers dragging wives and daughters from the arms of husbands and fathers. Many husbands, who had had the *temerity* to resist, butchered in the presence of their children—Flames seen in a hundred different places bursting from houses which had been set fire to, by the *vivacity* of the troops—churches broken open, and the church plate plundered—The pews and altars converted into stabling—four Bishops murdered, who had taken refuge in Westminster Abbey—the screams of women and of children mix with the cries of the soldiers—*Vive la Republique! Vive Bonaparte!*

St. Martin's church converted into a *depot* for the property acquired by the pillage of the soldiery.

15th *Thermidor.*

A proclamation published by the FIRST CONSUL, promising *protection* to the inhabitants.

The houses of the principal Nobility and Gentry appropriated to the use of the French Generals. Every house is required to furnish so many rations of bread and meat for the troops.

At a Council of State, presided by BONAPARTE, the two Houses of Parliament are solemnly abolished, and ordered to be replaced by a Senate and a Council of State. General MASSENA appointed Provisional President of the former, and General DESSOLLES of the latter. The Courts of Law are directed to discontinue their sittings, and are replaced by military tribunals.

17th *Thermidor.*

A plot discovered by FOUCHE against the FIRST CONSUL, and three hundred, supposed to be implicated in it, sent to the Tower.

Insurrections in different parts of the capital on account of the excesses of the soldiers and the contribution of twenty millions. Cannon planted at all the principal avenues, and a heavy fire of grape-shot kept up against the insurgents.

Lords NELSON, ST. VINCENT, and MELVILLE, Messrs. ADDINGTON, PITT, SHERIDAN, GREY, twenty Peers, and Commoners, among the latter Sir SIDNEY SMITH, tried by the Military Tribunals, for having been concerned in the *insurrection* against France, and sentenced to be shot. Sentence was immediately carried into execution in Hyde Park.

17th *Thermidor.*

The Dock-yards ordered to send all the timber, hemp, anchors, masts, &c. to

to France. The relations of the British sailors at sea sent to prison till the ships are brought into port, and placed at the disposal of the French. Detachments dispatched to the different counties to disarm the people.

The Island ordered to be divided into departments and military sections—the name of London to be changed for *Bonapart-opolis*—and the appellation of the country to be altered from Great Britain to that of *La France insulaire*—Edinburgh to take the name of *Lucienville*—Dublin, that of *Massen-opolis*.

BRITONS! can this be endured?—Shall we suffer ourselves thus to be parcelled off?—I hear you one and all say No!——To your tents, O Israel!——BRITONS NEVER WILL BE SLAVES!

PROCLAMATION

Made to every man in the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, this first day of August, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Three, and in the forty-fourth year of the reign of our especially dear Son King George the Third.

WHEREAS by the blessing of God, the patriotism, courage and industry of Englishmen, the natural advantages of our situation, the excellence of our constitution, and the wise administration of our government, we are a glory to ourselves, the seat of freedom, the empire of happiness and wealth, and *Mistress of the Seas*—And whereas at the head of the corrupt and despotic government of the neighbouring realm of France, there is a USURPER, a *Corsican* by birth, and called by the name of NAPOLEONE BONAPARTE, who having subjugated to the most abject slavery the whole of the vast empire over which he unjustly reigns, and on the continent of Europe, as well as in Asia, Egypt, Syria, and divers other places, spread Murder, Rapine, Slavery and Death, *in cruel and horrible wantonness*; and not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being thereto moved by the instigation of the *Devil*, and filled with envy, malice, and hatred to Us for the aforesaid blessings We enjoy, as well as at our magnanimous resolution to resent effectually his outrages and insults, hath presumptuously threatened, and doth actually intend to attempt an INVASION OF OUR LAND, and for which said diabolical purpose he hath been, and at present is collecting a vast Armed Force, whose orders are to *murder all inhabitants bearing arms in our defence, violate the wives and daughters of our people, and plunder our cities*, and all this to reduce this happy and independent empire to a mere province under his vile dominion:

We have therefore thought fit to address this proclamation unto you, calling upon you as you would express your love tous, and your wish to transmit to posterity your Country as you received it from the hands of your forefathers, and to preserve yourselves and yours from the aforesaid barbarous and sanguinary measures, that you, with one heart, immediately give effect to the wise and salutary proceedings of our government, thereby exhibiting to those who would destroy You, AN ARMED HOST OF BRITISH FREEMEN, READY TO DIE IN OUR DEFENCE—And although in our reliance on God, we know the blood and utter discomfiture of the enemy will be the price of his temerity, yet it is your duty so to arouse and prepare yourselves, and so vigorously and unanimously to join in the common cause, that you may

may be able not only to inflict an awful punishment on the legions of murderers who may assail you, but by a grand and dreadful direction of your vengeance, strike deadly terror and confusion into the hearts of all your enemies:—And as our brave SEAMEN, should they meet them, will save you on land great part of the trouble, if not the whole, yet as in the nature of things our fleets may miss them, have no other reliance for your safety than what arises from TRUST IN PROVIDENCE, CONFIDENCE, UNANIMITY, AND VIGOUR AMONG YOURSELVES.

Given at our Metropolis of London.

BRITANNIA!

The following is an extract from the animated SPEECH *of* Lord MOIRA, *at the County Meeting held at Leicester, on Friday, August the first.*

THE LEGISLATURE has required the services of every man in the country, presumed from his age and particular circumstances to be fit to carry arms; yet it has wisely left an option to the several districts to commute that service, by turning out a certain number of volunteers. It is highly desirable that you should avail yourselves of that option, and that such a number of volunteers may be encouraged to take arms, as may exonerate the county from the operation of the General Defence Act; for otherwise, the lot of service must inevitably fall upon many individuals, whose residence at home is so indispensable for the support of their families, that every motive of policy and humanity should make you eager to exempt them, by spontaneously discharging that duty, which you would be conscious did not the less rest upon you as honest men, even if they also were forced into the field. They who turn out upon this principle ought to be indefatigable in learning that practice with the firelock, which is requisite to make them useful upon service, not so much from the magnitude of any impending danger, as because it would be unworthy in any one not to fit himself for the service he professed to undertake. There was an hour when I thought danger (but even then danger of a limited nature) very probable; it was whilst an erroneous belief appeared to be entertained that it was impossible for the enemy to make any landing at all, under which fallacious security it semed to me very feasible for the French to throw ashore five or six thousand men, upon some part of the coast not remote from London, and by a forced march to push for the capital, in the hope of being joined by that profligate rabble, which must be found in greater or less number in every debauched metropolis, and which, having no real national attachment, must be ever ready to seize any opportunity for riot or pillage. That danger you perceive exists only in our refusing to believe invasion impracticable, and consequently our being unprepared for it; now, that we are upon our guard, the hazard is dispelled; still, as some attempt will almost certainly be made, it is right to be prepared, not only to meet it, but so to meet it as that the foe shall be crushed before he can have had time to do much mischief.

Were Bonaparte (though the supposition is beyond the possibility of realization) in the heart of this country, at the head of 40,000 men with all the stores, artillery, and appendages he could wish, I should not have a moment's uneasiness as to the result; for, I should be confident, that, before the end of the month, that army would be annihilated; that confidence, however,

is

is built upon the assumption, that the enemy would be judiciously encountered; but to enable any General so to encounter them, you must put yourselves into a state of discipline, such as would render you capable of comprehending and fulfilling the orders of your leader. Observe this too, that, although it appears to me impracticable for the enemy ever to have any very serious force united in this country, you must always in war provide against dangers that seem beyond ordinary calculation. It is not to diminish the apprehensions of those who are listening to me, that I state the presumed inability of the enemy to assemble a large army on our territory, because I can well see that no apprehension exists among you. On the contrary, I read in every countenance the gallant eagerness with which you anticipate the contest with those, whose forefathers your forefathers were wont to seek and conquer in the heart of France, where every disparity of number was of course to be against our countrymen. Yet I cannot but feel an avarice with regard to every drop of precious English blood that is to be exposed in such a contest, and I must be anxious that the extinction of the enemy's force should be obtained without the unnecessary loss of one of those estimable lives, which I see you are so willing to hazard in the struggle. Now if you prepare yourselves by proper discipline, you will enable the General commanding you to turn this plan against the enemy himself, and I congratulate you on this perfect ground of confidence, that the Generals now appointed to lead our army are of such a stamp in skill as insures to you that your valour will be employed upon the terms that will give it every possible advantage. It is not probable that it would ever be thought requisite to lead you in battalions against the enemy: this I mention that the short time you have for discipline may not be unprofitably employed in learning evolutions, which you are not likely to be called upon to practice in the field; a ready habit of priming and loading, and a facility of understanding and obeying the orders of your immediate officers, are the points which I deem the most essential for you to attain; I should imagine that the General under whom you serve would wish to detach you in small bodies, to hang upon the flanks and rear of the enemy, bidding you avail yourselves of every little bank or inequality of ground behind which you would cover yourselves, whilst your shot would do execution at its utmost range in the columns of the enemy, unavoidably obliged to keep in a compact body, instructing you to retire whensoever the enemy should advance in considerable strength against you, and to return to harrass them whensoever that detachment fell back to its main body; you must not think this is unworthy of your courage. If the safety of your country demanded the sacrifice of your lives, I should be the last to check the devotion which I know you would deliberately feel; but if that necessity did not really exist, it would be absurdity to prefer even a dignified death to the honest triumph of consciously participating in the glory of having crushed the invader of your country: were I to propose to you a principle for your conduct, it should be that which was held so praiseworthy by the Greeks of old, and which has been thus happily described:

"They fought, but not as prodigal of blood,
Or thinking death itself was simply good;
But in their Country's weal they plac'd their pride,
And as that bade, they either liv'd or died."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WAR SONG,

ON THE THREATENED FRENCH INVASION.

In the manner of the Old Ballads.

WHO shall impede the *Tyrant* dread,
With desolating brand,
And flag unfurl'd, bestriding the world,
From the Pole to the Nilus' strand?

Who but they, whom the waves obey,
The *Lords of Nature* styl'd!
With bosoms steel'd, in the battling field,
But mild, in Mercy, mild!

Whose conquering sires, at Cressy their fires
Assuag'd in the purple stream,
Who with Lion-port, at Agincourt,
Held revelry supreme.

And this is the foe, whose children now,
To blast thy laurels strive,
And thy rights betray, which, ALBION, say,
Shall a Monal dare, and live!

By the sacrifice dread, at Poictiers made,
Britannia shall be free!
By the charter'd deed of Runnymede,
We'll stand for Liberty!

By the hecatombs slain, on Blenheim's plain,
The Tyrant he shall die!
Lead, lead the way, bid the "battle bray,"
The shout and the revelry!

C.

REBELLION DEFEATED.

AN ODE.

Respectfully inscribed to those brave Defenders of their Country, who quelled the late alarming insurrection in the City of Dublin.

BY A BROTHER SOLDIER.

THOU, thy horrid shape still mantling
In the gloomy garb of night,
Treach'ry's blackest, basest bantling,
Nurs'd upon the lap of Spite!

Gorgon-visag'd, bloody minded,
On the viper's venom fed;
By guilt harden'd, by zeal blinded,
By Revenge and Murder led.

Imp of hell! How unsuspected
Hast thou sprung to light again,
Rushing on the unprotected,
With thy worse than tyger train!

Save us, Heav'n! See mild KILWARDEN
Bleeds beneath the monster's fangs!—
Mercy shuts the gates of pardon,
As she views the Martyr's pangs.

Save us, Heav'n! the tumult thickens,
Savage shouts in air resound;
Massacre his mad pace quickens,
Loyal cor'ses strew the ground.

Valour, tho' surpris'd, undaunted
Grasps his sword with hasty hand;
Flies where'er his aid is wanted—
Terror strikes the Rebel band.

On! ye hearts of sterling value!
Let the red-wing'd vengeance fly;
Round your loyal standard rally,
Conquer now, or nobly die!

e! the Rebel horde disperses,
Baffled in their dire intent!
God be praised for all his mercies!
May our cruel foes repent.

HAFIZ.

SELECTED POETRY.

CONQUEST OR DEATH.

LET the *Christianiz'd Mussulman-Papist** of France,
With his Myrmidon Host of Invaders advance;
The loud vaunts of *Usurpers* and *Slaves* we defie,
For the Motto of BRITONS is "*Conquer or Die.*"

Can a lawless Marauder to *Freedom* pretend?
Or a faithless Apostate *Religion* befriend?
The vain threats of an *Atheist* we *Christians* defie,
When the voice of our GOD bids us "*Conquer or Die.*"

* Formerly *Ali*-BONAPARTE: now the hypocrite calls himself the *Thrice-Christian* Head of the *Catholic* French Church:—a *Mahometan* in Egypt—a *Christian* in France.

Both our *Thoughts* and our *Souls* are in battle-array,
Which no Hell-begot *Judas* can strike with dismay,
Since all *Ranks* and all *Sects* the *Impostor* defie,
For the Motto of *Christians* is "*Conquer or Die.*"

Here no *Tyrant*, no *Autocrat* poisons our Laws,
Or enervates the will, which gives life to our cause:
With our Swords bright with *Freedom*, French threats we defie—
For the Motto of *Britain* is "*Conquer or Die.*"

Let the Strutter come forth, nor be longer remiss,
On our Shores we'll avenge all the wrongs of the *Swiss*,
Gallic Slaves and Enslavers we scorn and defie,
For the Motto of *Freemen* is "*Conquer or Die.*"

RICHARD LLWYD, THE BARD OF SNOWDEN, TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

YE, (1) whom Britain's earliest day
Saw among her meadows play;
Unconscious yet that Ocean's waves
Form'd the isle it loves and laves!

Lords of realms, as yet unknown,
A blest creation all your own;
A region yet by blood unstain'd,
Where Peace unbroke, unruffl'd reign'd.

Ere yet, the icy rocky North (2)
Had pour'd her hungry myriads forth,
The hordes that ravag'd guiltless lands,
And forc'd to arms your past'ral bands.

Decreed to share a restless doom,
A world, in vain, resisted Rome:
Yet Claudius (3) heard, on Empire's throne,
A voice *then* greater than his own.

Led by rapine, fraud and spoil,
Saxons, Normans, trod your soil;
And Bards in strains of sorrow tell,
That Britain's offspring, fought, and fell.

(1) Aborigines.
(2) Invasion of the Danes and Norwegians,
(3) See an elegant version of the speech of Caractacus, before Claudius, in the *Juvenilia* of my accomplished friend J. H. L. Hunt, Esq.

Lost your own paternal plains,
Florid fields, and wide domains;
Fair Cambria saw with beckoning eyes,
And bade ERYRI's (4) ramparts rise.

Here amid her cliffs of snow,
Ages saw you brave the foe;
Till Concord came, with efforts blest,
And sooth'd Contention's roar to rest!

United now to Britain's throne,
Your Sires (5) return, resume their own;
Chiefs of your country's antient days,
Britannia's wider sceptre sways!

O'er Britain's fair extended face,
One brave, one rich, and potent race;—
High in honour—high in fame—
The first of nations—BOASTS YOUR NAME!

BRITONS hear, that *name's* a host,
And forms a bulwark round your coast:
And Fame shall tell, in records fair,
You're worthy of the *name* you bear!

The foe that racks a suffering world,
At you the bolt of war has hurl'd;
And dares in language loud and high
Your warriors to the field defy:

Dares, and hopes, by threats and wiles,
To ravage, rule—the Queen of Isles:
Her sons shall check his thirst of blood,
By all that's great, and all that's good!

By genuine Freedom's holy flame,
By your own Arthur, Alfred's name;
By Deva's (6) waves, when Ida fled,
By Mona's sons, when Merlyn (7) led.

By Rodri's (8) bright and vengeful sword,
That gleam'd in Conway's lucid ford;
By Euloe's (9) forests, Berwyn's heath,
Where Owen gain'd th' unfading wreath.

(4) The ridge of Snowdonia.

(5) The restoration of the British line, in Henry the 7th, of the House of Tudor.

(6) The battle of Bangor, upon the Dee. (7) That of Llanfaes in Anglesey.

(8) *Dial Rodri*, or Roderick's Revenge at Cymryd, upon the River Conway.

(9) In the forests of Euloe, in Flintshire, and on the mountain of Berwyn, the fortunes of Henry II, the Power of England, aided by a diversion from Ireland, upon the coast of Wales, and a full exertion of the old maxim *Divide et impera*, gave way to a combination of elemental warfare, an inaccessible country, and the prowess of Owen Gwynedd.

By Jorwerth (10)—Cynan—Howel's name,
By all that fills the rolls of fame,
Unfold your banners, rend the air,
And proudly show the shields (11) you bear!

Sons (12) of Snowden, yours the meed,
Nobly live, or nobly bleed;
Your Country, Parents, Children, save,
Or *fill one great and glorious grave!*

(10) Llewllyn ap Jorwerth, Gryffyth ap Cynan, and Howel Dda (or the good) Princes of Wales.

(11) In the ages of contention and discord, before the incorporation by which we became one great and happy people, the now neglected language of Shields, of Chivalry, and Arms, was that which symbolically recorded the actions of those to whom their country was indebted for safety in the hour of danger: whose names it is honourable to recollect, and whose exploits it is glorious to emulate. Of those of Gwyerd ap Rhys Goch, Ednyfed Vychan, Carwed of Twrcelyn, Meurig, from Hêdd Moelwynog, Howel y Fwyall Dafydd Gam (see History, battle of Cressy and Poictiers) and that of the Lloyds of Bôd Idris in Iâl, are particularly instructing and entertaining.

(12) Llangciau'r Eryri.

RD. LLWYD.

THE ORACLE CONSULTED.

WHAT's a Frenchman?—*Slavery's fool.*
What's a Briton?—*Freedom's tool,*
Form'd to curb *despotic* rule—
Fit with any foe to cope.

What's the Frenchman's view?—
Invasion—
If he find a *fair* occasion.
What's the Briton's?—*Full persuasion*
That he'll *blast* the Frenchman's hope.

What's the Frenchman's pleasure?—
Plunder.
What's the Briton's?—*Naval thunder,*
That shall make the Frenchman wonder,
If he dare insult our strand.

What's the end?—To Frenchmen—
madness,
Disappointment, shame, and *sadness:*
But to Britons—*glory, gladness,*
Safety in their native land.

Morning Post.] HAFIZ.

WAR ADDRESS.

RISE, ye Britons, march to glory,
Dauntless stand 'midst war's alarms;
Tell the Youth of future story,
That their Sires were great in arms.

What, tho' Despot Frenzy threaten
Louder than the raging waves;
Free born Warriors fight for Britain;
Gallia's Soldiers are but Slaves.

Tyrant! tho' thy troops victorious,
Darken yonder distant shore;
Here you'll find a contest glorious;
Come, but you return no more.

Here, no Turkish host parading,
Here, no tame Italian band,
Views afar the Foe invading,
March resistless o'er the land.

Here, each virtuous feeling tender,
Here, each dear domestic tie,
Arms our every brave Defender,
Arms, to Conquer, or to Die.

Come,

Come, ye Bands inur'd to plunder,
Come, and find a narrow bed;
Vengeance soon shall point her thunder
On your Despot's guilty head.

Sure the ghost of many a Hero,
Wand'ring o'er the Syrian plains,
Murder'd by this modern Nero,
Of your faithless Chief complains;

Hear the bloody Foe declaring
Rome's fam'd motto now his own;
Hear him vow, with front all daring,
Carthage must be overthrown.

Rise, ye Britons! every mother,
Spouses, Sisters, Daughters call:
Rise, each Husband, Father, Brother,
Nor live to weep your Country's fall.

Times.

THE SWISS EMIGRANT.

FAREWELL, farewell, my native land,
A long farewell to life and thee!
Go fearless, now, thou wand'ring band!
No last sad look behind for me!

Once more I view the well-known spot,
But dimly view with tearful eye;
One parting look upon the beauteous sky,
One breathe in pleasure ere I die!

Ye lakes with fairy verdure crown'd,
Ye streams that murmur through the spreading
As bursting from the mountain's head [stream,
Its foaming waves in silver gleam.

Ye lakes that catch the golden beam
That floods with fire you peak of snow,
As evening vapours bluely steam
And stilly roll their volumes slow;—

Scenes, on this bursting heart impress'd
By ev'ry thrill of joy, of woe;
The bliss of childhood's vacant breast,
Of warmer youth's impassion'd glow;

The tears by filial duty shed,
Upon the low, the peaceful tomb;
Where sleep, too blest, the revered dead,
Unconscious of their country's doom.

Say! can Helvetia's patriot child,
A wretched exile, bear to roam,
Nor sink upon the lonely wild,
Nor die to leave his native home?

His native home!—no home has he—
He scorns in the vile yoke to bow,
He scorns the land no longer free,
Alas—he has no country now!

Ye snow-clad Alps whose nightly mound,
Great NATURE's adamantine wall,
In vain opposed your awful bound
To check the prone-descending Gaul.

What Hunter now with daring leaps
Shall chase the Ibex o'er your rocks,
Who clothe with vines your craggy steeps,
Who guard from wolves your rambling flocks?

While [illegible] the free-born sons of toil
[illegible] aid the slaughter'd brave,
To freedom true, the stubborn soil
Shall plow, and starve the puny slave.

Ye [illegible] who pour'd your ravening bands
To [illegible] fertile plains,
And [illegible] your cold capacious hands
[illegible] dishes and sculptured vases,

What seek ye here? our niggard earth,
Nor gold, nor sculptur'd trophies owns;
Our wealth was peace, and guiltless mirth,
Our trophies are our tyrants hones!

Burst not my heart, as dimly swell
MORAT'S proud glories on my view;
Heroic scenes a long farewell,
I fly from madness and from you!

Be-

Beyond the dread Atlantic deep,
One gleam of comfort shines for me;
There shall these bones untroubled
sleep,
And press the earth of Liberty.

Wide, wide, that waste of waters rolls,
And sadly smiles that distant land,
Yet there I hail congenial Souls,
And Freemen give the Brother's hand.

COLUMBIA hear the Exile's prayer!
To him thy fostering love impart,
So shall he watch with patriot care,
So guard thee with a filial heart.

Yet O! forgive, with anguish fraught,
If sometimes start th' unbidden tear,
As tyrant Memory wakes the thought,
"Still, still, I am a stranger here."

Thou vanquish'd land, once proud and
free,
Where first this fleeting breath I
drew,
This heart must ever beat for thee,
In absence near—in misery true!

BRAVURA SONG.

Written by Mr. CROSS *of the Royal Circus, and sung in the Burletta Spectacle of John Bull and Bonaparte.*

THE British Lion's rous'd! his growl,
Appals the sons of plunder,
Biting the dust, with hideous howl,
Their knells we'll knoll in thunder!
With the dangers that threaten our
efforts shall tally,
Temerity's legions indignant we'll
scourge,
And while round the standard imperial
we rally!
*Cry, God for us, for England, and
King George.*

A Tyrant leads the impious *horde*,
The slaves! defeat's decreed 'em,
A King belov'd, a God ador'd!
We serve! our cause is freedom!
Inflam'd with rage, from their ports let
them sally,
Temerity's legions indignant we'll
scourge,
And while round the standard imperial
we rally,
*Cry, God for us, for England, and
King George.*

GARLAND FOR BONAPARTE.

TO rear the Tree of Liberty
In vain have Frenchmen tried,
Unfit, ungenial, was the soil,
Th' exotic *droop'd and died.*

A Laurel next they thought upon,
And planted in its stead,
And steep'd in Blood, a Crown they
made
For Bonaparte's head.

To those who would this plant assail,
He promises no Quarter;
But we may laugh his threat to scorn,
His *Laurels die* in water.

Grieve not, thou *Corse*, should fortune
frown,
Or leave thee in the lurch:
Thy laurels here may be supply'd
By wholesome *British Birch.*

This plant is fraught with magic pow'r
On children spoilt and naughty;
So we a *rod* in *pickle* keep
For thee, oh! BONAPARTE.

And tho' the Tree of Freedom die,
Thy Laurels lose their hue,
We have a Gard'ner to supply
Enough of *Rue* for you.

Morning Post.

BRITONS STRIKE HOME.

HARK! the devoted foe's afloat!
Hark! 'twas the cannon's brazen throat,
And the shrill clarion's piercing note,
That struck mine ear!

AN INVASION-SKETCH.

IF there be one Person so lost to all Love for his Country, and the British Constitution, as to suppose that his Person or his Property, his Rights and his Freedom, would be respected under a Foreign Yoke, let him contemplate the following Picture—not overcharged, but drawn from Scenes afforded by every Country; Italy, Holland, Switzerland, Germany, Spain, Hanover, &c. which has been exposed to the Miseries of a French Invasion.

London, 10 *Thermidor, year*—

General BONAPARTE made his public entrance into the Capital over London Bridge, upon a charger from His BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S stables at Hanover, preceded by a detachment of Mamelukes. He stopped upon the bridge a few seconds to survey the number of ships in the river; and beckoning to one of his Aid-de-camps, ordered the French flag to be hoisted above the English—the English sailors on board, who attempted to resist the execution of this order, were bayonetted, and thrown overboard.

When he came to the Bank, he smiled with complaisance upon a detachment of French grenadiers who had been sent to load all the bullion in waggons, which had been previously put in requisition by the prefect of London, Citizen MENGAUD, for the purpose of being conveyed to France. The directors of the Bank were placed under a strong guard of French soldiers in the Bank parlour.

From the Bank the FIRST CONSUL proceeded in grand procession along Cheapside, St. Paul's, Ludgate-hill, Fleet-street, and the Strand, to St. James's Palace. He there held a grand Circle, which was attended by all his Officers, whose congratulations he received upon his entrance into the Capital of these once proud islanders. BONAPARTE, previously to his arrival, appointed two Prefects, one for London and one for Westminster. Citizen MENGAUD, late Commissary at Calais, is the Prefect of London, and Citizen RAPP of Westminster. He also nominated Citizen FOUCHE to the office of Minister of Police. The Mansion-house has been selected for the residence of the Prefect of London, and Northumberland-House for the residence of the Prefect of Westminster. As it has been deemed necessary to have the Minister of Police always near the person of the First Consul, Marlboro' House has been given to Citizen Fouche. Lodgings have been prepared elsewhere for the late owners of that splendid palace.

London was ordered to be illuminated, and detachments of French dragoons paraded the principal streets and squares, all night.

11 *Thermidor.*

BONAPARTE, at five o'clock in the morning, reviewed the French troops on the Esplanade at the Horse Guards. A Council was afterwards held, at which the following Proclamations were drawn up, and ordered to be posted in every part of the city:

By ORDER of the FIRST CONSUL.

PROCLAMATION.

St. James's Palace.

"Inhabitants of London, be tranquil. The Hero, the Pacificator, is come among you. His moderation and his mercy are too well known to you. He delights in restoring peace and liberty to all mankind. Banish all alarms. Pursue your usual occupations. Put on the habit of joy and gladness."

The

The FIRST CONSUL orders,

"That all the Inhabitants of London, and Westminster, remain in their own houses for three days.

"That no molestation be offered to the measure which the French Soldiers will be required to execute.

"All Persons disobeying these Orders will be immediately carried before the Minister of Police."

(Signed) BONAPARTE.
The Minister of Police, FOUCHE.

Proclamation to the French Soldiers.

Soldiers! BONAPARTE has led you to the Shores and the Capital of this proud island. He promised to reward his brave companions in arms. He promised to give up the capital of the British Empire to pillage. Brave comrades, take your reward. London, the second Carthage, is given up to pillage for three days. (Signed)

BONAPARTE.

The Minister of War,
par interim, ANGEREAU.

The acclamations of the French soldiery—*Vive Bonaparte—le Heros—le Pacificateur——le Magnanime*——resound through every street.

13*th*, 13*th*, 14*th*, *Thermidor.*

LONDON PILLAGED. The doors of private houses forced. Bands of drunken soldiers dragging wives and daughters from the arms of husbands and fathers. Many husbands, who had had the *temerity* to resist, butchered in the presence of their children—Flames seen in a hundred different places bursting from houses which had been set fire to, by the *viracity* of the troops—churches broken open, and the church plate plundered—The pews and altars converted into stabling—four Bishops murdered, who had taken refuge in Westminster Abbey—the screams of women and of children mix with the cries of the soldiers—*Vive la Republique! Vive Bonaparte!*

St. Martin's church converted into a *depot* for the property acquired by the pillage of the soldiery.

15th *Thermidor.*

A proclamation published by the FIRST CONSUL, promising *protection* to the inhabitants.

The houses of the principal Nobility and Gentry appropriated to the use of the French Generals. Every house is required to furnish so many rations of bread and meat for the troops.

At a Council of State, presided by BONAPARTE, the two Houses of Parliament are solemnly abolished, and ordered to be replaced by a Senate and a Council of State. General MASSENA appointed Provisional President of the former, and General DESSOLLES of the latter. The Courts of Law are directed to discontinue their sittings, and are replaced by military tribunals.

17th *Thermidor.*

A plot discovered by FOUCHE against the FIRST CONSUL, and three hundred, supposed to be implicated in it, sent to the Tower.

Insurrections in different parts of the capital on account of the excesses of the soldiers and the contribution of twenty millions. Cannon planted at all the principal avenues, and a heavy fire of grape-shot kept up against the insurgents.

Lords NELSON, ST. VINCENT, and MELVILLE, Messrs. ADDINGTON, PITT, SHERIDAN, GREY, twenty Peers, and Commoners, among the latter Sir SIDNEY SMITH, tried by the Military Tribunals, for having been concerned in the *insurrection* against France, and sentenced to be shot. Sentence was immediately carried into execution in Hyde Park.

17th *Thermidor.*

The Dock-yards ordered to send all the timber, hemp, anchors, masts, &c. to

to France. The relations of the British sailors at sea sent to prison till the ships are brought into port, and placed at the disposal of the French. Detachments dispatched to the different counties to disarm the people.

The Island ordered to be divided into departments and military sections—the name of London to be changed for *Bonapart--opolis*—and the appellation of the country to be altered from Great Britain to that of *La France insulaire*—Edinburgh to take the name of *Lucienville*—Dublin, that of *Masscn-opolis*.

BRITONS! can this be endured?—Shall we suffer ourselves thus to be parcelled off?—I hear you one and all say No!——To your tents, O Israel!——BRITONS NEVER WILL BE SLAVES!

PROCLAMATION

Made to every man in the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, this first day of August, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Three, and in the forty-fourth year of the reign of our especially dear Son King George the Third.

WHEREAS by the blessing of God, the patriotism, courage and industry of Englishmen, the natural advantages of our situation, the excellence of our constitution, and the wise administration of our government, we are a glory to ourselves, the seat of freedom, the empire of happiness and wealth, and *Mistress of the Seas*:—And whereas at the head of the corrupt and despotic government of the neighbouring realm of France, there is a USURPER, a *Corsican* by birth, and called by the name of NAPOLEONE BONAPARTE, who having subjugated to the most abject slavery the whole of the vast empire over which he unjustly reigns, and on the continent of Europe, as well as in Asia, Egypt, Syria, and divers other places, spread Murder, Rapine, Slavery and Death, *in cruel and horrible wantonness*; and not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being thereto moved by the instigation of the *Devil*, and filled with envy, malice, and hatred to Us for the aforesaid blessings We enjoy, as well as at our magnanimous resolution to resent effectually his outrages and insults, hath presumptuously threatened, and doth actually intend to attempt an INVASION OF OUR LAND, and for which said diabolical purpose he hath been, and at present is collecting a vast Armed Force, whose orders are to *murder all inhabitants bearing arms in our defence, violate the wives and daughters of our people, and plunder our cities*, and all this to reduce this happy and independent empire to a mere province under his vile dominion:

We have therefore thought fit to address this proclamation unto you, calling upon you as you would express your love tous, and your wish to transmit to posterity your Country as you received it from the hands of your forefathers, and to preserve yourselves and yours from the aforesaid barbarous and sanguinary measures, that you, with one heart, immediately give effect to the wise and salutary proceedings of our government, thereby exhibiting to those who would destroy You, AN ARMED HOST OF BRITISH FREEMEN, READY TO DIE IN OUR DEFENCE—And although in our reliance on God, we know the blood and utter discomfiture of the enemy will be the price of his temerity, yet it is your duty so to arouse and prepare yourselves, and so vigorously and unanimously to join in the common cause, that you may

may be able not only to inflict an awful punishment on the legions of murderers who may assail you, but by a grand and dreadful direction of your vengeance, strike deadly terror and confusion into the hearts of all your enemies:—And as our brave SEAMEN, should they meet them, will save you on land great part of the trouble, if not the whole, yet as in the nature of things our fleets may miss them, have no other reliance for your safety than what arises from TRUST IN PROVIDENCE, CONFIDENCE, UNANIMITY, AND VIGOUR AMONG YOURSELVES.

Given at our Metropolis of London.

BRITANNIA!

The following is an extract from the animated SPEECH *of* Lord MOIRA, *at the County Meeting held at Leicester, on Friday, August the first.*

THE LEGISLATURE has required the services of every man in the country, presumed from his age and particular circumstances to be fit to carry arms; yet it has wisely left an option to the several districts to commute that service, by turning out a certain number of volunteers. It is highly desirable that you should avail yourselves of that option, and that such a number of volunteers may be encouraged to take arms, as may exonerate the county from the operation of the General Defence Act; for otherwise, the lot of service must inevitably fall upon many individuals, whose residence at home is so indispensable for the support of their families, that every motive of policy and humanity should make you eager to exempt them, by spontaneously discharging that duty, which you would be conscious did not the less rest upon you as honest men, even if they also were forced into the field. They who turn out upon this principle ought to be indefatigable in learning that practice with the firelock, which is requisite to make them useful upon service, not so much from the magnitude of any impending danger, as because it would be unworthy in any one not to fit himself for the service he professed to undertake. There was an hour when I thought danger (but even then danger of a limited nature) very probable; it was whilst an erroneous belief appeared to be entertained that it was impossible for the enemy to make any landing at all, under which fallacious security it seemed to me very feasible for the French to throw ashore five or six thousand men, upon some part of the coast not remote from London, and by a forced march to push for the capital, in the hope of being joined by that profligate rabble, which must be found in greater or less number in every debauched metropolis, and which, having no real national attachment, must be ever ready to seize any opportunity for riot or pillage. That danger you perceive exists only in our refusing to believe invasion impracticable, and consequently our being unprepared for it; now, that we are upon our guard, the hazard is dispelled; still, as some attempt will almost certainly be made, it is right to be prepared, not only to meet it, but so to meet it as that the foe shall be crushed before he can have had time to do much mischief.

Were Bonaparte (though the supposition is beyond the possibility of realization) in the heart of this country, at the head of 40,000 men with all the stores, artillery, and appendages he could wish, I should not have a moment's uneasiness as to the result; for, I should be confident, that, before the end of the month, that army would be annihilated: that confidence, however,

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is built upon the assumption, that the enemy would be judiciously encountered; but to enable any General so to encounter them, you must put yourselves into a state of discipline, such as would render you capable of comprehending and fulfilling the orders of your leader. Observe this too, that, although it appears to me impracticable for the enemy ever to have any very serious force united in this country, you must always in war provide against dangers that seem beyond ordinary calculation. It is not to diminish the apprehensions of those who are listening to me, that I state the presumed inability of the enemy to assemble a large army on our territory, because I can well see that no apprehension exists among you. On the contrary, I read in every countenance the gallant eagerness with which you anticipate the contest with those, whose forefathers your forefathers were wont to seek and conquer in the heart of France, where every disparity of number was of course to be against our countrymen. Yet I cannot but feel an avarice with regard to every drop of precious English blood that is to be exposed in such a contest, and I must be anxious that the extinction of the enemy's force should be obtained without the unnecessary loss of one of those estimable lives, which I see you are so willing to hazard in the struggle. Now if you prepare yourselves by proper discipline, you will enable the General commanding you to turn this plan against the enemy himself, and I congratulate you on this perfect ground of confidence, that the Generals now appointed to lead our army are of such a stamp in skill as insures to you that your valour will be employed upon the terms that will give it every possible advantage. It is not probable that it would ever be thought requisite to lead you in battalions against the enemy: this I mention that the short time you have for discipline may not be unprofitably employed in learning evolutions, which you are not likely to be called upon to practice in the field; a ready habit of priming and loading, and a facility of understanding and obeying the orders of your immediate officers, are the points which I deem the most essential for you to attain; I should imagine that the General under whom you serve would wish to detach you in small bodies, to hang upon the flanks and rear of the enemy, bidding you avail yourselves of every little bank or inequality of ground behind which you would cover yourselves, whilst your shot would do execution at its utmost range in the columns of the enemy, unavoidably obliged to keep in a compact body, instructing you to retire whensoever the enemy should advance in considerable strength against you, and to return to harrass them whensoever that detachment fell back to its main body; you must not think this is unworthy of your courage. If the safety of your country demanded the sacrifice of your lives, I should be the last to check the devotion which I know you would deliberately feel; but if that necessity did not really exist, it would be absurdity to prefer even a dignified death to the honest triumph of consciously participating in the glory of having crushed the invader of your country: were I to propose to you a principle for your conduct, it should be that which was held so praiseworthy by the Greeks of old, and which has been thus happily described:

"They fought, but not as prodigal of blood,
Or thinking death itself was simply good;
But in their Country's weal they plac'd their pride,
And, to that bade, they either liv'd or died."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WAR SONG,

ON THE THREATENED FRENCH INVASION.

In the manner of the Old Ballads.

WHO shall impede the *Tyrant* dread,
With desolating brand,
And flag unfurl'd, bestriding the world,
From the Pole to the Nilus' strand!

Who but they, whom the waves obey,
The *Lords of Nature* styl'd!
With bosoms steel'd, in the battling field,
But mild, in Mercy, mild!

Whose conquering sires, at Cressy their fires
Assuag'd in the purple stream;
Who with Lion-port, at Agincourt,
Held revelry supreme.

And this is the foe, whose children now,
To blast thy laurels strive;
And thy rights betray, which, ALBION, say,
Shall a Mortal dare, and live!

By the sacrifice dread, at Poictiers made,
Britannia shall be free!
By the charter'd deed of Runnymede,
We'll stand for Liberty!

By the hecatombs slain, on Blenheim's plain,
The Tyrant he shall die!
Lead, lead the way, bid the "battle bray,"
The shout and the revelry!

C.

REBELLION DEFEATED.

AN ODE.

Respectfully inscribed to those brave Defenders of their Country, who quelled the late alarming Insurrection in the City of Dublin.

BY A BROTHER SOLDIER.

THOU, thy horrid shape still mantling
In the gloomy garb of night,
Treach'ry's blackest, basest bantling,
Nurs'd upon the lap of Spite!

Gorgon-visag'd, bloody minded,
On the viper's venom fed;
By guilt harden'd, by zeal blinded,
By Revenge and Murder led.

Imp of hell! How unsuspected
Hast thou sprung to light again,
Rushing on the unprotected,
With thy worse than tyger train!

Save us, Heav'n! See mild KILWARDEN
Bleeds beneath the monster's fangs!—
Mercy shuts the gates of pardon,
As she views the Martyr's pangs.

Save us, Heav'n! the tumult thickens,
Savage shouts in air resound;
Massacre his mad pace quickens,
Loyal cor'ses strew the ground.

Valour, tho' surpris'd, undaunted
Grasps his sword with hasty hand;
Flies where'er his aid is wanted—
Terror strikes the Rebel band.

On! ye hearts of sterling value!
Let the red-wing'd vengeance fly;
Round your loyal standard rally,
Conquer now, or nobly die!

See! the Rebel horde disperses,
Baffled in their dire intent!
God be praised for all his mercies!
May our cruel foes repent.

HAFIZ.

SELECTED POETRY.

CONQUEST OR DEATH.

LET the *Christianiz'd Mussulman-Papist** of France,
With his Myrmidon Host of Invaders advance;
The loud vaunts of *Usurpers* and *Slaves* we defie,
For the Motto of BRITONS is "*Conquer or Die.*"

Can a lawless Marauder to *Freedom* pretend?
Or a faithless Apostate *Religion* befriend?
The vain threats of an *Atheist* we *Christians* defie,
When the voice of our GOD bids us "*Conquer or Die.*"

* Formerly *Ali*-BONAPARTE: now the hypocrite calls himself the *Thrice-Christian* Head of the *Catholic* French Church:—a *Mahometan* in Egypt—a *Christian* in France.

Both our *Thoughts* and our *Souls* are in battle-array,
Which no Hell-begot *Judas* can strike with dismay,
Since all *Ranks* and all *Sects* the *Impostor* defie,
For the Motto of *Christians* is " *Conquer or Die.*"

Here no *Tyrant*, no *Autocrat* poisons our Laws,
Or enervates the will, which gives life to our cause:
With our Swords bright with *Freedom*, French threats we defie—
For the Motto of *Britain* is " *Conquer or Die.*"

Let the Strutter come forth, nor be longer remiss,
On our Shores we'll avenge all the wrongs of the *Swiss*,
Gallic Slaves and Enslavers we scorn and defie,
For the Motto of *Freemen* is " *Conquer or Die.*"

RICHARD LLWYD, THE BARD OF SNOWDEN, TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

YE, (1) whom Britain's earliest day
Saw among her meadows play;
Unconscious yet that Ocean's waves
Form'd the isle it loves and laves!

Lords of realms, as yet unknown,
A blest creation all your own;
A region yet by blood unstain'd,
Where Peace unbroke, unruffl'd reign'd.

Ere yet, the icy rocky North (2)
Had pour'd her hungry myriads forth,
The hordes that ravag'd guiltless lands,
And fore'd to arms your past'ral bands.

Decreed to share a restless doom,
A world, in vain, resisted Rome:
Yet Claudius (3) heard, on Empire's throne,
A voice *then* greater than his own.

Led by rapine, fraud and spoil,
Saxons, Normans, trod your soil;
And Bards in strains of sorrow tell,
That Britain's offspring, fought, and fell.

(1) Aborigines.

(2) Invasion of the Danes and Norwegians.

(3) See an elegant version of the speech of Caractacus, before Claudius, in the *Juvenilia* of my accomplished friend J. H. L. Hunt, Esq.

Lost your own paternal plains,
Florid fields, and wide domains;
Fair Cambria saw with beckoning eyes,
And bade ERYRI's (4) ramparts rise.

Here amid her cliffs of snow,
Ages saw you brave the foe;
Till Concord came, with efforts blest,
And sooth'd Contention's roar to rest!

United now to Britain's throne,
Your Sires (5) return, resume their own;
Chiefs of your country's antient days,
Britannia's wider sceptre sways!

O'er Britain's fair extended face,
One brave, one rich, and potent race;—
High in honour—high in fame—
The first of nations—BOASTS YOUR NAME!

BRITONS hear, that *name's* a host,
And forms a bulwark round your coast:
And Fame shall tell, in records fair,
You're worthy of the *name* you bear!

The foe that mocks a suffering world,
At you the bolt of war has hurl'd;
And dares in language loud and high
Your warriors to the field defy:

Dares, and hopes, by threats and wiles,
To ravage, rule—the Queen of Isles:
Her sons shall check his thirst of blood,
By all that's great, and all that's good!

By genuine Freedom's holy flame,
By your own Arthur, Alfred's name;
By Deva's (6) waves, when Ida fled,
By Mona's sons, when Merlyn (7) led.

By Rodri's (8) bright and vengeful sword,
That gleam'd in Conway's lucid ford;
By Euloe's (9) forests, Berwyn's heath,
Where Owen gain'd th' unfading wreath.

(4) The ridge of Snowdonia.

(5) The restoration of the British line, in Henry the 7th, of the House of Tudor.

(6) The battle of Bangor, upon the Dee. (7) That of Llanfaes in Anglesey.

(8) *Dial Rodri*, or Roderick's Revenge at Cymryd, upon the River Conway.

(9) In the forests of Euloe, in Flintshire, and on the mountain of Berwyn, the fortunes of Henry II, the Power of England, aided by a diversion from Ireland, upon the coast of Wales, and a full exertion of the old maxim, *Divide et impera*, gave way to a combination of elemental warfare, an inaccessible country, and the prowess of Owen Gwynedd.

By Jorwerth (10)—Cynan—Howel's name,
By all that fills the rolls of fame,
Unfold your banners, rend the air,
And proudly show the shields (11) you bear!

Sons (12) of Snowden, yours the meed,
Nobly live, or nobly bleed;
Your Country, Parents, Children, save,
Or *fill one great and glorious grave!*

(10) Llewllyn ap Jorwerth, Gryffyth ap Cynan, and Howel Dda (or the good) Princes of Wales.

(11) In the ages of contention and discord, before the incorporation by which we became one great and happy people, the now neglected language of Shields, of Chivalry, and Arms, was that which symbolically recorded the actions of those to whom their country was indebted for safety in the hour of danger: whose names it is honourable to recollect, and whose exploits it is glorious to emulate. Of those of Gwyerd ap Rhys Gôch, Ednyfed Vychan, Carwed of Twrcelyn, Meurig, from Hêdd Moelwynog, Howel y Fwyall Dafydd Gam (see History, battle of Cressy and Poictiers) and that of the Lloyds of Bôd Idris in Iâl, are particularly instructing and entertaining.

(12) Llangciau'r Eryri.

RD. LLWYD.

THE ORACLE CONSULTED.

WHAT's a Frenchman?—*Slavery's fool.*
What's a Briton?—*Freedom's tool,*
Form'd to curb *despotic* rule—
Fit with any foe to cope.

What's the Frenchman's view?—
Invasion—
If he find a *fair* occasion.
What's the Briton's?—*Full persuasion*
That he'll *blast* the Frenchman's hope.

What's the Frenchman's pleasure?—
Plunder.
What's the Briton's?—*Naval thunder,*
That shall make the Frenchman wonder,
If he dare insult our strand.

What's the end?—To Frenchmen—
madness,
Disappointment, shame, and *sadness:*
But to Britons—*glory, gladness,*
Safety in their native land.

Morning Post.] HAFIZ.

WAR ADDRESS.

RISE, ye Britons, march to glory,
Dauntless stand 'midst war's alarms;
Tell the Youth of future story,
That their Sires were great in arms.

What, tho' Despot Frenzy threaten
Louder than the raging waves;
Free born Warriors fight for Britain;
Gallia's Soldiers are but Slaves.

Tyrant! tho' thy troops victorious,
Darken yonder distant shore;
Here you'll find a contest glorious;
Come, but you return no more.

Here, no Turkish host parading,
Here, no tame Italian band,
Views afar the Foe invading,
March resistless o'er the land.

Here, each virtuous feeling tender,
Here, each dear domestic tie,
Arms our every brave Defender,
Arms, to Conquer, or to Die.

Come,

Come, ye Bands inur'd to plunder,
Come, and find a narrow bed;
Vengeance soon shall point her thunder
On your Despot's guilty head.

Sure the ghost of many a Hero,
Wand'ring o'er the Syrian plains,
Murder'd by this modern Nero,
Of your faithless Chief complains.

Hear the bloody Foe declaring
Rome's fam'd motto now his own;
Hear him vow, with front all daring,
Carthage must be overthrown.

Rise, ye Britons! every mother,
Spouses, Sisters, Daughters call:
Rise, each Husband, Father, Brother,
Nor live to weep your Country's fall.

Times.

THE SWISS EMIGRANT.

Farewell, farewell, my native land,
A long farewell to life and thee!
On thy last rock I lingering stand,
Thy last rude rock how dear to me!

Once more I view thy vallies fair,
But dimly view with tearful eye;
Once more I breathe thy healthful air,
But breathe it in how deep a sigh!

Ye vales with downy verdure spread,
Ye groves that drink the sparkling stream,
As bursting from the mountain's head
Its foaming waves in silver gleam,

Ye lakes that catch the golden beam
That floods with fire yon peak of snow,
As evening vapours bluely steam
And stilly roll their volumes slow;—

Scenes, on this bursting heart impress'd
By ev'ry thrill of joy, of woe;
The bliss of childhood's vacant breast,
Of warmer youth's impassion'd glow;

The tears by filial duty shed,
Upon the low, the peaceful tomb;
Where sleep, too blest, the rev'rend dead,
Unconscious of their country's doom.

Say! can Helvetia's patriot child,
A wretched exile, bear to roam,
Nor sink upon the lonely wild,
Nor die to leave his native home?

His native home!—no home has he—
He scorns in the vile yoke to bow,
He scorns the land no longer free,
Alas—he has no country now!

Ye snow-clad Alps whose nightly mound,
Great Nature's adamantine wall,
In vain opposed your awful bound
To check the prone-descending Gaul.

What Hunter now with daring leaps
Shall chase the Ibex o'er your rocks,
Who clothe with vines your craggy steeps,
Who guard from wolves your rambling flocks?

While low the free-born sons of toil
Lie sunk amid the slaughter'd brave,
To freedom true, the stubborn soil
Shall pine, and starve the puny slave.

Spoilers, who pour'd your rav'ning bands
To gorge on Latium's fertile plains,
And fill'd your gold-rapacious hands
From regal domes and sculptured fanes,

What seek ye here? our niggard earth,
Nor gold, nor sculptur'd trophies owns;
Our wealth was peace, and guileless mirth,
Our trophies are our tyrants bones!

Burst not my heart, as dimly swell
Morat's proud glories on my view;
Heroic scenes a long farewell,
I fly from madness and from you!

Be-

Beyond the dread Atlantic deep,
One gleam of comfort shines for me;
There shall these bones untroubled sleep,
And press the earth of Liberty.

Wide, wide, that waste of waters rolls,
And sadly smiles that distant land,
Yet there I hail congenial Souls,
And Freemen give the Brother's hand.

COLUMBIA hear the Exile's prayer!
To him thy fostering love impart,
So shall he watch with patriot care,
So guard thee with a filial heart.

Yet O! forgive, with anguish fraught,
If sometimes start th' unbidden tear,
As tyrant Memory wakes the thought,
"Still, still, I am a stranger here."

Thou vanquish'd land, once proud and free,
Where first this fleeting breath I drew,
This heart must ever beat for thee,
In absence near—in misery true!

BRAVURA SONG.

Written by Mr. CROSS *of the Royal Circus, and sung in the Burletta Spectacle of John Bull and Bonaparte.*

THE British Lion's rous'd! his growl,
Appals the sons of plunder,
Biting the dust, with hideous howl,
Their knells we'll knoll in thunder!
With the dangers that threaten our efforts shall tally,
Temerity's legions indignant we'll scourge,
And while round the standard imperial we rally!
Cry, God for us, for England, and King George.

A Tyrant leads the impious *horde*,
The slaves! defeat's decreed 'em,
A King belov'd, a God ador'd!
We serve! our cause is freedom!
Inflated with rage, from their ports let them sally,
Temerity's legions indignant we'll scourge,
And while round the standard imperial we rally,
Cry, God for us, for England, and King George.

GARLAND FOR BONAPARTE.

TO rear the Tree of Liberty
In vain have Frenchmen tried,
Unfit, ungenial, was the soil,
Th' exotic *droop'd and died.*

A Laurel next they thought upon,
And planted in its stead,
And steep'd in Blood, a Crown they made
For Bonaparte's head.

To those who would this plant assail,
He promises no quarter;
But *we* may laugh his threat to scorn,
His *Laurels die* in water.

Grieve not, thou *Corse*, should fortune frown,
Or leave thee in the lurch;
Thy laurels here may be supply'd
By wholesome *British Birch.*

This plant is fraught with magic pow'r
On children spoilt and naughty;
So we a *rod* in *pickle* keep
For thee, oh! BONAPARTE.

And tho' the Tree of Freedom die,
Thy Laurels lose their hue,
We have a Gard'ner to supply
Enough of *Rue* for you.

Morning Post.

BRITONS STRIKE HOME.

HARK! the devoted foe's afloat!
Hark! 'twas the cannon's brazen throat,
And the shrill clarion's piercing note,
That struck mine ear!

In

In terrible array advance,
Britons, to meet the sons of France;
Teach them to curse the sad mischance
That brought them here.

Ye generous youth, who guard the land
Where Freedom takes her awful stand,
To crush with her resistless hand
Fell Tyranny,
Strike home: nor spare your trusty steel,
Till every Caitiff foeman feel
What 'tis to violate the weal
Of Liberty.

Monstrous! Shall miscreant Frenchmen dare
Base chains for Britons to prepare,
Or hope our guileless hearts t' ensnare
By Perfidy?
Gascons, your threats and wiles we scorn,
You come but to a hope forlorn,
For never yet was Briton born
For Slavery!

Strike home, ye generous youth, strike home;
That unborn ages yet to come,
May ever, when they hear the drum
Beat *Victory*,
Exclaim, "'Twas thus our Fathers fought,
'Twas thus our Fathers' Fathers bought
The Laurels, which they proudly thought
Gave Immortality."

General Evening Post.

THE INVASION;

OR, THE BRITISH WAR SONG.

WHILST happy in our native Land,
So great, so fam'd in story,
Let's join, my friends, with heart and hand,
To raise our COUNTRY'S GLORY;
When Britain calls, her valiant Sons
Will rush in crowds to aid her—
Snatch, snatch your muskets, prime your guns,
And crush the fierce Invader!

Whilst ev'ry Briton's song shall be,
"O give us Death—or Victory!"

Long had this favour'd Isle enjoy'd
True comforts, past expressing,
When France her hellish arts employ'd
To rob us of each blessing:
These from our hearths by force to tear
(Which long we've learn'd to cherish)
Our frantic foes shall vainly dare;
We'll keep 'em, or we'll perish—
And ev'ry day our song shall be,
"O give us Death—or Victory!"

Let France in savage accents sing
Her bloody Revolution;
We prize our Country, love our King,
Adore our Constitution:
For these we'll every danger face,
And quit our rustic labours;
Our ploughs to firelocks shall give place,
Our scythes be chang'd to sabres.
And clad in arms, our song shall be,
"O give us Death—or Victory!"

Soon shall the proud Invaders learn,
When bent on Blood and Plunder,
That British bosoms nobly burn,
To brave their cannon's thunder:
Low lie those heads, whose wily arts
Have plann'd the World's undoing!
Our 'vengeful blades shall reach those hearts
Which seek our Country's ruin;
And night and morn our song shall be,
"O give us Death—or Victory!"

When, with French blood our fields manur'd,
The glorious struggle's ended,
We'll sing the dangers we've endur'd,
The blessings we've defended:
O'er the full bowl our feats we'll tell,
Each gallant deed reciting;
And weep o'er those who nobly fell,
Their country's battle fighting—
And ever thence our song shall be,
"'Tis Valour leads to Victory."

Anti-Jacobin